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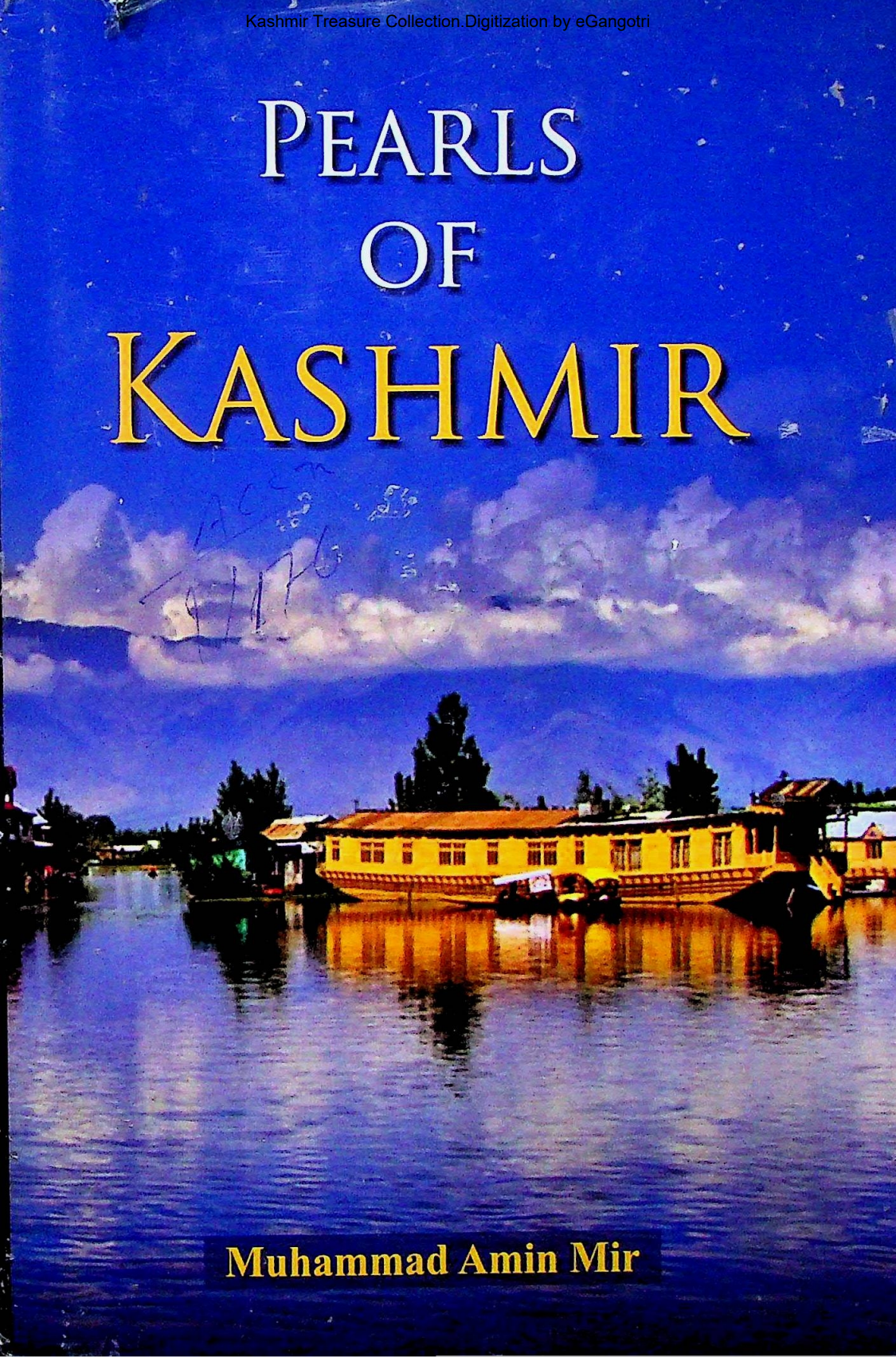
PEARLS OF KASHMIR



Muhammad Amin Mir

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The book titled "Pears of Kashmr" is the collection of poems about the intellectual, cultural and romantic aspects of our dear Vale.

Suffering and Tears ever manufacture the congealed pearls. Mentioning poetry is the Skylark of Soul and Prose the Philosopher of Heart.

The Nightingale of Kashmir as ever warbling. It is the expression of heart and testament of Soul. The Gardens, the Lakes, the Streams and the Poets of Kashmir add Joy and Glory. They create inspiration for Glorious revolution. Suffism lives in the soul of Kashmir. It even bewitches our artificial Diaspora and captivates the stray Souls. Kashmir is itself the Paradise of thought. Catholicity of Love, Secularism of Flowers and Shrine of Beauties surpass every thought of world. The song sing along with the shedding tears.

Some poems in the book reflects the personal life of author. The glorious tragedies, charity of youthful days, knowledge of beauty never vanish. Nostalgia of beloved moon. These charitable things make charity of remaining days of emphereal life.

Every saint has a past. Our glorious past is like a tale of our sins but benedictory history. Unsung and unacknowledged mute martyr.

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Pearls of Kashmir

Muhammad Amin Mir

Zehra Publishing House
Budshah Nagar, Nati Pora, Srinagar

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Pearls of Kashmir

Collection of Poems on the Gardens, Dills, Dales, Streams, Lakes and Poets of Kashmir

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Publisher's History

The late Sheikh Abdul Gaffar's name stands distinctly as a pioneer of book trade in J&K state. By establishing his firm first of all at Chattabal a suburb of Srinagar in and around 1931 he provided an oasis in the desert for the seekers of knowledge in Kashmir.

One of his earliest public services was to have the **Awraad-i-Fatheha** printed in Lahore and made available to the Muslims of the State.

His son Late Haji Sheikh Ghulam Mohammad shifted his business in 1937 to the famous trading centre of those days, Maharaj Gunj in Srinagar under the banner of M/S ***Sheikh Ghulam Mohammad Book Sellers***. Late Haji Sahib made several rare books available to the lovers of literature. His acquisitions include publications from India, Pakistan, Iran, Egypt & Saudi Arabia. The expansion of business coupled with lack of space made it necessary for him to shift to the central area of Srinagar,

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Maisuma Bazar Budshah Chowk in 1944. Here he functioned under the banner of M/S ***Haji Sheikh Ghulam Mohammad & Sons***. His gamut of activities covered books on literature, Islamiyat, Culture, history etc. Besides Haji Sahib himself composed and edited several books, thus providing a platform for publication of new books. Further increase in the publishing activities by the third generation of the family has necessitated creation of a separate division to exclusively for book publishing activities. All activities are carried on under banner of M/S ***Zehra Publishing House***, Srinagar with the aim of providing a proper and efficient channel to the authors inside and outside of the state. Given the penchant of Kashmiris for coining nick name it is not surprising to find the family of Sheikh Abdul Gaffar now known as "***Kitab***".

Sheikh Mohammad Fayaz

Kitab

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Preface

Beloved Kashmir is not only a geographical term but an idea of love, truth and goodness. The total sum beauty of the vale of Kashmir is the deepest source of the supreme soul.

The mountains, the brooks, the hills, the lakes, the golden meadows of flowers give us call of heavens. The legends, the myths, the ballads act like living nightingales of our glorious past.

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The poets of past and present still travel along with the light of the soul of Kashmir. Kashmir is the garden of love. The poetry makes this garden an exultant "Eden of Joy".

The poems in the book "Pearls of Kashmir" reveal the glory, grace and grandeur to some extent. It is a token service from the bottom of my heart.

Although I know, Kashmir needs huge service from the sainthood of every heart. As a humble, Fakir of fecundity and felicity, I tried my best.

The poem "Shalimar" depict the cravings of spiritual love. The revolutionary poets like Mahjoor, Azad reveal the burning glory of suppressed souls. The Saint poets like Shams, Abdul Ahad Zargar, Abdul Wahab and Waza Mahmood tells us that "Spiritualism" as the face of humanism.

The legends and myths make an oral history of Kashmir. They create the music of love. The poems like Aka-Nandun (Darling son) and Krala Koor (Potters maid) call for loveable musings. The steams, the brooks, the springs, the waters of Jehlum make a poised balance of sorrows and joy.

With benedictions

Muhammad Amin Mir
Kral Teng, S. R. Gunj

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Shalimar

Year of composition (1981)

Blazing beauty a burning sun,
Or melodious songs of the sisters of the moon,
She meets with me in the shrine of flowers,
Thousands pledges in the fall of tears,
She tells me in the regalia of voice,
Oh! Viceregal of my beauty and charm,
What will happen to our vernal love?
Hush up, hush up skylark and dove,
Vegetate the green love shoots,
Water and secrecy in their roots,
In a hermitage of hermits love,
Golden bells ring now,
Glorious period of two lovers,
Time for prayer, time of Showers,
Listen to the songs of mountains Maids,
Supreme glory in dills and dales,
Oh, Shepherds of the Swards and Vales,
Time for love never waits,
Lingering love, glorious shades,
Elia in the garden wails .
Hand in hand we enter the garden,
And sit besides the bushes, and fountains.
It is a streaming hill side dream,

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of the two souls, burning bushfire,
For me she is a princess of Troy,
I am like Spartan shepherd but coy,
We embroider dreams on handkerchief,
And convey our messages to water lilies,
Love is a song and a belief,
Candles burn in glorious galleries,
We read our fait in poetic haste,
Blossoms of love bloom too late,
We pick up fruits, we kiss green leaves,
Saint of sorrows never sleeps,
Come spring, summer and winter,
Autumnal leave, oh, love is hunter,
Stars of heavens glare and gaze,
At monastery of saint, at mausoleum of martyr,
Set 'me' any beloved spirits ablaze,
As we know love is immortal,
Sanctified by loves attorney,
Two souls in a tear of lotus,
Pearls smile they belong to up,
Oh, sun's neighbour, sister of moon,
Oh, borrowed from glory of heavens,
There is a morning, there is a moon,
Sorrel Twilight and starry night,
Lover's fortress of marble and mortar,
These are not the gardens of Babylon,
Souls imprisoned, bodies in swoon,
My maudlin dear my mavourneen dear,
She combes her hair under golden boughs,
When we sleep, slouches and sloughs.

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Love is like a dream of saint,
Fairy tale or golden swards,
Wakes up saintliness without sin or plaint,
A golden page for poets and bards,
We always walk down the hill,
In loneliness of dale and dill
Poetic love of ancient sages,
Sacred to fire, Sacred to flame,
Immortality written on the page,
Gold is gold, gold is the same,
My silvered beauty, my light of soul,
Sheeny mirror, perfect and whole,
Beyond her beauty, I glare and gaze,
Thousand suns, ablaze, and gaze,
She is the temper of son and moon,
When we embrace, we fall in Swoon,
When I leave my bell and book,
Or glittering halls of academy,
Love becomes me on Levant shores,
Musical streams or baring books,
Her absence I never brook,
What is love? What is it's glory?
There is a ship near light Towers,
Beloved hope, beloved smile,
Love is a daughter of the river Nile,
A covenant of blood and tears,
Joy filled morning showers,
Yee, walk or the moon walks,
I am alone on the pebbles of shores,
Highway men or distant stars,

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What they are to anguished souls,
Gentle moon dips into lake,
Flowers dance for love's sake,
More beautiful than ancient Troy.
Her golden tresses spread on throne,
Reaches her fame to ancient Rome,
Oh, Queen of Thebes of my sacred love,
Solon to come with gifted lute,
On chronicle lovers, the sun shone,
Lived their fame like golden dome,
for them the senators remained mute,
Wail our sky-lark and gentle dove ,
Oh ! contractual beauty of the garden Shalimar,
Distant our shores and station,
There is a peace, there is a war,
Teaches this every civilization,
We are near but still so far,
Oh ! hanging beauty of garden of Shalimar,
You die soon I die soon,
Two souls in sleep or in swoon ,
Inborn beauty or reborn grace,
One fair statue of fading fame,
Enlightens cities, places and kingdoms,
Beatitude's beautiful claim,
Often she sits in solitary places,
And weaves her empire in golden threads,
She is a light and song of my soul,
Her name is written in honorable roll,
Call from meadows, a golden roll call,
A chosen beauty not for all.

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Smile of lily, whiteness of snow,
Melting beauty of bursting tear,
Distant star looks dearly near,
Show me paths my destinies show,
I am enamoured of her glory and grace,
Creative love's talented taste,
This is time not to waste,
Beloved belongs to different race.
Streams of nectar, streams of wine,
Thirsty, thirsty explorer dove,
Swims love in eyes thine,
Harmony quenches thirst now,
Broken mirrors now wake up my dreams,
Glissades love on beloved's pathway,
Falls sunlight on cathedrals and masques,
Love is a conqueror, every captain believes,
Sighs and pierces the marble Walls,
Well up, well up water pools,
Tears wash away shimmering pearls,
Burning candles and glorious halls,
When love calls, when love calls,
Love is a material to lovers,
What is gold to ancient thieves,
Liquid liquidity of sonnets and showers,
Walks like moon, it never sleeps.
Candles burn and are aglow,
Stay sky-lark, cuckoos and dove,
Never bushfire that burn slow,
My beloved this is called love,
It is a garden of delirious Joy,

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Come my love and forget troy,
Exchange of roses, amid smiles and sighs,
One soul cries another dies,
We hang up handkerchiefs on dangling bulrushes,
Rushes, rushes our blood rushes,
One sparkle of love and burn bushes,
Cuckoo, thrush and nightingale,
All sing our love's tale,
Away, away clouds sail,
Sits on rose this nightingale,
Palace carnival or festival of love,
It sings songs of my vale,
Dearest are lark and dove,
Your excellence of high office,
Grant me mercy it is nice,
Here it is constabulary silence,
Let us burn a flame of revolution?
Patience, patience evaporates patience,
To restless souls, oh, in different nation,
Twilight, twilight now it is dark,
There are tower lights in our souls,
Over ocean of tears flies sky-lark.
Distant a golden bell knolls,
It is a time to depart,
Darkness ends and breaks out dawn
Eyes swollen, eyes red hot,
Beneath the whelk in, we walk down the lawn,
Cruel society, I address to the moon
I am forbidden to kiss her tresses,
Golden, golden tresses of hair,

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I fall in swoon, I fall in swoon,
Lift me up from dreamy bulrushes,
She is the dearest of dear,
Witnesses are nightingale and dove,
Senators mine skylark and cuckoo,
Love stays in Roman ruins,
Tickles, tickles it tickles me now,
Sacrifice, its motto,
Different poetry, different tunes,
Flowers bloom, flowers wither,
One gardener comes another goes,
I seek her hither, I seek her thither,
This is love's elementary prose,
When she laughs by the hillside pool,
I pluck one song as a customary rule,
Beauty of rose, beauty of gardens,
In the swards of shepherds, sing now bards.
Dig one grave in the lap of mountain,
To treasure my desires, unfulfilled dreams,
I seek no realms, but weeping fountains,
Kiss, thy, grave in moonlight and sun-beams,
Glory of the burn-out-love,
Ashes are the memories of grace,
Bathe in sunlight sky-lark and dove,
Fugitive love, you have no place,
Blood of martyr drenches red cherries,
Hanging grapes of golden of love,
Enters she or enter I love,
Glorious bells, now welcome now,
Oh! Suffering of the walking vale,

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Hastens, hastens golden dale,
One beloved, one lover and nightingale,
Time to love, time not to wail.
Bloodied martyr with a purple message,
Solomon waits in the garden of Sheeba,
Meditate poet, senator and sage,
Song of love is a song of Elia,
When constables conspire against rose,
Emanate verses, emanate prose,
Charm, charm grace and glory,
Oh! Glory it is love's trinity,
Lover, beloved and lurking fate,
Call of nativity 'oh' late 'oh' late,
Let us bask in the glory of masque?
Oh! Silence in the temple or lights of synagogue,
Lovers explain, when poets ask,
Thousand questions about the roses of Prague,
Secular love knows no continent,
It is the pacific of saint's purity,
Swims , swims the love latent,
Global relics of spiritual glory,
Shrine of love, oh, secular religion ,
Without rabbis, without station.
She is the child of the stars and the moon,
Fragrant love of the garden of flowers,
Innocent fairy of golden realms,
Blood innocence of martyr of love,
Oh! My republic of revealing relics,
Never tarry, never tarry skylark or dove,
She dips in the gleam of dream,

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She walks with the sisters' team.
She bathes under the cool shower,
Matchless, matches among sea-seraphs,
She is the source of light towers,
A Gibraltar of beauty of the rocks,
Fountain of joy and an emerald 'so' cool,
Romanticisms golden rule.

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Kosher

Kashmir, Kashmir or nationhood
Martyr loves soiling sainthood
Integrity of our territorial love
Exclusive for skylark and dove
My patriotism or bleeding veins
Ancient prayer of ancient saints
Vale of love, skylark and dove.
This Kashmir of my hesitant love
Surrounded by the acknowledged mountains
Dills and dales and green hills.
These forests and the cave of sages
Dear land, dear peasant tills
Prayer on papyrus written by saints.
Bloody history of martyrs on pages
Oh! Syracuse of my ancient lyceum
It is Kashmir or Rome or Greece.
Flowers of Joy bloom
We are born to love and please
Flow of our tears never cease .
This savagery of our hidden love .
Blue sky for skylark and dove .
Spiritual revolution in our hearts and blood.
Which Nagaarjun and Ashwagosh loved
Soul of Kashmir this spring source
Verdant gardens or fruits of love .

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Sings ever river Jhelum folklores,
This flooding outburst of skylark and dove
Heroes of our royal flood
Vale of martyrs of our tears flood
This is the joy of our independence now
Wages of our martyred love
There is no anger, there is no malice
Kashmir or sunshine of Venice
Come, oh, visitor and hear my tale of love,
And peace of soul passionate
Singing vale and joyous dale.
In this garden of lovers, beloveds wait
Glory and Sharif and Mir Hamadani
Persia called it a garden of Solomon
Thy grace of havens, glory of spirituality
Kashmir or a tale of Sheeba of Eden
Glory, glory to its glorious love
Sing its anthem, skylark and dove
Land of saffron and skilled merchants
of simpletons of scholars and seers
poets or the ailing patients
Thy, sickening love of sickly queen,
This monastery of Rishis and Pirs
Beloved summers with smile and sheen.
Simile or an alliteration of shine,
This metaphor of our leavened wine.
Brewed up glory of our saints
Pools of love or pools of nectar
On the edges of beauty one beloved waits
Kashmir or the Rome of Hector

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Golden meadows of an ancient love
Sing nightingales in our vales
Summary of songs of skylark and dove
This chastity of our maids
This twilight or dawn of my Kashmir
Oh! Beloved songs of the soul of my seer
Banaras, Khotan, Pushkar or Bukahara
Glaciers or peaks of Pamirs
Temples, mosques or city of Elia
Burning fragrance in the urns of seers
Spreading love and glorious sights
It's seminaries bask under light
Vastness of soul like a Lake Wullar
You are my beloved, I am your lover
This waterly love of a saint lovers
Elixir or the watering sands
Living disease of its blessed saints
Love that burns in the pits of souls
Baptism or church carols
Temples or the altars of sacrifice
That martyrdom for a cause pious
Shiva or the goddess Saraswati
Purity of the Seta's love
Weeping Ram in my bleeding soul
Smiling Buddha in the wisdom whole
This Kashmir of secular love
Soothing Arabia of skylark and dove
This sweetness of the soul of kosher
Kashmir or the heavenly paradise
Nation of lovers of beloved nation hood

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As defined by the Koels of Wullar
Her battered soul never cries
Crown of martyrs or its knighthood
Give me space in the sphere of love
This requirement of skylark and dove
Invaders came and savaged her sages
This pyramid of culture and civilization
Still her soul never wrongs
Cupbearers of love's creation
Stars of beatitude and seven whelkins
Race of glory that nobody wins
Meadows or the Arabian moon
Breaks out joy before the noon
This is the bursting out of love
This sunshine and skylark and dove
Love or the fairies song
To this invisibility we ever belong
This is the nation of an ancient peace
Smile snow drops and souls shine
This the unity of our divine love,
Cities a far and stations of dove.
White clouds or a song of skylark
Hunting beloved with eyes dark
Come my love and cut out this emerald
For beauty's sake and song of a lord
Truth or beauty or goodness of my vale
This virginity of my princess tale
Sacrifices or tears of love
This chastity and freshness now.

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Kosher
Song of a Rafooghar

Song of a shawl or bleeding verses,
Wounds embalmed our borrowed curses,
This needle worker or tapestry of a shawl,
Oh! Thermaphylae's, Saint Hannibal.
Our gardens nightingale and a nurse,
This sickening disease and fever of a verse.
Song of a shawl or a Rafooghar,
Bleeding fingers or a moon beloved,
Wrought with love this beloved and lover,
His needle loved, his soul loved.
Dearly prized, handicrafts of Kashmir,
Song of a shawl or achievements of shahmir.
Vale's king this vibrant Rafooghar,
Homes in fame to his masque like soul,
Blood and tears of my living martyr,
He sings his elegy or carol.
This is my Kashmir in a design of a shawl,
Tapestry of love and song of a patriot,
Shadows lengthening and Chinars tall,
Soul of Kashmir or soul of miseries.
Songs of a Rafooghar soothe and satiate,
Deprived, dethroned, defeated and pitied,

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Sally forth now songs of glories.
These hues of colors or rainbow of love,
Source eternal never gets empited,
of tears of love or elixir,
This beauty hates every sword and knife

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Birds of Sky

Oh! Sky 'oh' saint of rocks,
Oh! Heaven light 'oh' source of song,
Give me one freedom of flight,
To explore, thy, glorious sight.
You wear the robes of paradise,
Glorious feathers in glorious night.
Your songs make me faintly rise,
From stretched mornings, prolonged sleep.
Passionate souls ever long,
For cities of songs and skyhigh thoughts.
Oh! Skylark of thoughts deep,
Of love, when lovers weep,
Peace of Sainthood of saintly love,
Undisturbed as a country of love.
Bestow upon me the blessings of peace,
Kind gestures, and looks to Please.
In this world of human race,
All saint souls and common toilers,
Gentle love of poetic taste,
Harmony of harmonious showers.
Dove, Skylark of empire great,
Where love is rule, oh, golden reign,
Beloved clouds never come late,
Oh! Relishing relief, oh, gentle rain.

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Country of Skylark

My skylark an ambassador of love,
Perches upon rocks of Jerusalem now,
Is it a dawn of grace and glory?
Oh! Rome and Babylon built hastily.
To skywards soars my passion of love,
White clouds and white lovers.
Oh! Kindness of Skylark now,
There is a lord whoever loves,
Poets of lovely Skylark,
Poems written on birch bark.
This is the country of heroes and martyrs,
Of spring, of summer and rain showers.
My Skylark an envoy of peace,
Shedding of tears never cease.
There are pearls from the orbs of love,
Oh! Jealous queen of Skylark and dove.
Priestess of peace and poetess of glades,
Pious merchants and new emeralds.
Harmony of Skylark now bathes my woods,
Glory of kingdom and nation's wisdom,
Song of skylark or church candles,
Soul or my liberated dukedom,
Glorious crowns of seven kingdoms.
Taper's light or herald of Nenevah,

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Martyrs pledge to your soul,
Emotion, Sentiments or poetic hysteria,
Roll of honours when bells knoll.
Nation of skylarks lives in paradise,
Of glories and sainthood gold,
Almighty lord loves souls wise,
Lights new or lights old.
Oh! Kings of grace and Queen of glory,
This is an age of skylark and dove,
Builds up momentum stately but hastily,
Cult of democracy as a cult of love.
Country of Skylark, mountain or sky,
Nation of poets or Shepherds, Shy.
Hamlets of our heavenly joy,
Nation of love is gold of Troy.
Indus or my morning showers,
Country of Skylark or country of pearls,
Poetess Skylark of beloveds and lovers,
Come my love from the court of earls.
This is the justice of Skylark,
Song honoured or mercy of Venice,
Blessed souls and clouds not dark,
My purple pains my praying patience.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Garden of Nightingale

This is the garden of my nightingale,
Flowers joyous and fountains gay.
Of my soul of blessed vale,
Song or my martyrs' day.
This is the garden of saints and poets,
One twilight or thousand candles.
On the marbled fountains bay,
Waters my joy this flower gay.
One nightingale my soul' minstrel.
Prayers of my queen of dale,
Glory and grace of garden eternal,
Oh! Eternity's angelic vale.
Song of nightingale or festival of love,
Emerald garden of visiting souls,
That funeral of martyrs, skylark and dove,
Task accomplished, now bell knolls.
This is the garden of my nightingale,
Oh! Sufferance is the badge of my tribe,
Like ancient Jews of the forgotten vale,
Jerusalem or biblical tale.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Nation of Peacocks

Dance peacocks, these are peace times,
In the grass woods of forested love,
Dark is night one soul shines,
This is the reign of skylark and dove.
Golden leaves of thinking woods,
Jet out streams elixir sweet,
Seven ministrels of seven kingdoms,
Adorned is my peacock's seat
Dance peacocks on the bay of pearls,
Seven sea shores of tower lights
Hymns of shepherds, not hymns of earls,
My peacock or tapers light.
Glorious lights, glorious peacocks,
Golden nations or love's song,
Gives me blessings this saint of rocks,
Visible pathways but journey long.
Under the sun, one peacocks place,
Diamond dance, the stars the moon,
This feathered saint of a chosen race,
Nation of peacocks will expand soon

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Ode to life

There was a time, when I loved
Desolate gardens and frozen times
Mirrored glories of beloved of Eden
My haunted bells, my morose beloved
Now hanging clouds and brooding skies
Trees of love not fruit laden
God has given me a cup of sorrows
Testing times and heavy blows
Songs of nightingales and skylarks,
Or birds of morning in dills and dales,
My soul stuffed, and sighs to skywards,
Distant love weeps and wails.
Oh! Commander of my fate,
I possess no glory of gold,
I am born to joy late,
Oh! Silvery times to season old.
There was a time to wander about,
In naked lands cape of green hills,
There are times to exit and out,
From shepherds dales and dills.
Monasteries of aging sages,
Now shelters me from time's savages,
God has gifted me the muddy vessels,
In honours of my sorrows and tears,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

No amount of love or beloved looking hazels,
My autumn of life sans rain showers.
Still I thank in the church of love,
Despite white sorrows of wounded dove.
My status is not like soaring skylark.
Position low with insignificant mark.
I attained from station and office of heavens,
Little insignia for my dolorous life,
No sweet souls but bitter times,
Oh! Thousand cuts from a blunt knife.
Now only my misfortunes console,
My desolate soul with no taper's light
My beloved's love, my beloved soul,
Light betrayed, oh, my dark night.
Still I thank my heaven's lord,
For a little space in this green globe,
Ill stared or lucks hard,
My proven guilt my proven probe.
Seven sins among palace pillars,
Thinks not light, think not lovers.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Star

Far from the earth and near the heavens,
Bright stars of our beloved Lord,
High decorum, oh, high patients,
Oh! Creative thinking of our God.
Stars or the saints of sky,
Oh! Beatitude, they feel shy.
Glory, grace or gay grandeur,
Twinkling stars of an eternal time,
Sheeny empire of an angelic labour,
You commit no sin, you commit no crime.
Larks steal beautiful songs,
From the souls of stars and skies,
One beautiful maid to glory belongs,
Oh! star of beautiful never dies.
Long lives to kings and Queens,
There is no fear in the world of stars,
Freedom unseen, freedom seen,
Tinkling love or liberation of beloveds.
Humanity's beautiful races,
Adorn their souls for dear stars,
Beautiful words, beautiful languages,
Stars are not colonies of wars.
Poet honorable, I am your star,
Near you but still a far.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Heart and soul mind and body,
Oh! Twinkling star of grace and glory.
Maudlin maid of mirthful memories,
A lonely star of billion glory.
Host of sky, source of skylark,
Guest inspiration of divine star,
Clouds white, clouds dark,
Blue sky and vacant war.
Fill in with joy my barren soul,
Wet harmony or liquid prose,
Twinkles glory when bells knoll,
Star in the sky, one night of rose.
Through a star our Lord tells,
There is no imperialism in the heavens.
Angels and the golden bells,
Kingdom of bills for adorned poets.
Religion of love or soul of a star,
Lord hates colonies of masters,
Tears, bloodshed, oh, Sybil of war.
Star of beloveds,
Star of lovers.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Serenity of love

Love me poet and not me hate,
Time glorious does not wait.
This is twilight or horizon of love,
The Church bells ring now.
This is the time to sing and explore,
Love's castles or joy of soul.
Mineral love's shining diamonds,
Sit on the bay a line of peacocks.
Liquid is the harmony of love,
Sweet soul, skylark or dove.
Teach me love, to love daffodils,
Wild flowers or blossoms on hills.
Dills and dales or love's tale,
Morose poet or warbling nightingale.
Oh! Saffronised soul of saint,
Bleed seven empires of humanity,
Oh! Welcome love you often comes late,
On the wings of angles with grace and glory.
Love me poet and me embrace,
In its status and poetic taste.
This is the spring and birds sing,
Flowers bloom, oh, rebirth of verse,
Polished diamonds for queen and king,
Oh! Red rose, a fragrant nurse.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Wanders about in the month of may,
Admonished lovers and freedom now,
New castle and candles of joy,
Liberation of races or peace of dove,
Loveliness to my flower coy.
Love is not a sin of Troy,
Blest skylark, blessing from heavens,
Seven souls of seven sages,
It guides humanity and adorns religion,
Spirituality's, an angelic coy,
Love is an anthem of every nation,
Long suffering without wages,
Heroes or martyrs of nations,
Wisdom's seven pillars high,
Saint lovers or shy beloveds
Glorious souls or pride kingdoms.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Shepherds

There in the woods I met a shepherdess,
Day was bright and glorious noon,
She was a saint and sire of kindness,
Saint hood smile of Syrian moon.
Assyrians taught the ancient shepherds,
Language of love and litany of words.
I took her fondly a Libyan moon,
As mirrors reflected the Meditterean noon.
Woods of darkness in the hope of love,
Twilight of lovers and bushfires now.
There by the streams she sang the songs,
Of Babylonian sacred love,
Beneath the stars, beneath the moon,
Oh! my native skylark, my liberation now.
She was a piece fallen from heavens,
Or goddess of love of seven planets.
Like ancient Iberians temple queen,
Dream of seven saints seen,
Nenevah or her golden vales,
Song of Tigris or songs of Euphrates,
Shepherdess of the valley of Nile,
Like an eventide she tarried for a while.
She hugged me and wept bitterly,
Oh! Separation in love is a glory.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

She was a poetess and priest of a dale,
She told me the love's lovelist tale
Oh! Shepherdess of Wandering love,
Bequeathed song of lark and dove.
It was a morning and evening of Lord,
Or seven empires or seven kingdoms,
She told me the secrets of flowers of sward,
Of mineral love and pearly diadems.
That love generates in sainthood souls,
It vegetates in the woods of Lord,
Near the shrines far from goals,
Shepherdess, shy, a priest of God.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Habba Khatun

Queen of melodies 'oh' songster of swards
Shrine of love, mausoleum of words
Grace of poets and glory of bards
Queen of lyrics, queen of shepherds
History calls her Habba Khatun
A flower bloomed and withered soon
When she sat on a seat of power
Empowered were every rustic women
Saint or sage, beloved or lover
Kashmir was a glorious Eden
Lute of lyrics or beautiful songs
This soul native to her belongs
Joy of dale 'oh' poetess vale
Rainbow colours of beauty's tale
Still murmur the streams and brooks
And heralds one saint nightingale
Melody diction of thousand lutes
Beautiful of queen or beauty of our vale
She loved roses and saffron fields
She dripped her dreams in village springs
Yields, yields this liquid soul yields
To the memory of love to my native kings
Habba Khatun our princess of Troy
From Jhelum to Greece, a flower coy.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Thousand queens of World Empire
Atlantic beauty of atlas dear
On the shores of medittarean one sailor sings
Songs of the wet main land
Beauty, beauty on the skylark's wings
A saint's eye, a saint's hand
Envied her beauty Tatars and Moghuls
A soul of our poetic notes
Betrayed her heavens and our misfortunes
We lost our king and musical tunes
Her mausoleum or a neglected soul
No candle lights, not a keeper sole
Let fragrance of our rose memory?
Prayers grace, prayers glory
Adorn her tomb of enshrined beauty
Come pilgrim and depart hastily

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Times Epitaph

Come 'oh' skylark and visit love's ruins,
There are sighs, silence and sand dunes,
Time Alexander made Tyrus weep
Kind Cyrus swooned to sleep sweet,
My skylark, and melancholy notes,
Frozen love in a cup of tears,
Angel of death and solemn shores,
Time 'oh' short for beloveds and lovers.
My epitaph written in lines of sorrows,
A broken stone of misfortunes,
A man of love never borrows,
Timed out penny from republics barons
Obituary or sad times.
Poets 'or' the vast graveyards,
Worn out loved or weary travellers,
Time makes desolate even smiling swards
Oh! Death it is an autumn for besotted revellers.
Now drink skylark from fragrant flowers,
Wet harmony of Joyous petals,
For the sake of souls of tested lovers,
Oh! Harmony of love to detest battles.
Processions of coffins and empty hands,
King Alexander and Saint Cyrus,
Dusted places and congregation in hades,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Rome was lost, oh, time Titus.
Come dear dove to the church of love,
Rose fragrance and bells knoll now.
Mighty empire of mighty sage,
Without swords and soldiers rage.
There is a festival of joy and sunshine,
Time of love is a season fine.
Exiled souls or exiled beloved,
This is my country of native saints,
Foreign beauty is a fiendish love,
Oh! Shepherdess of my native swards,
Liquid is my inner soul now,
Angles, poets or rustic bards.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Stream of Sindh Valley

Humps of waters, argue with rocks,
Stream of Sindh, serene but furious,
Above fly skylarks and eagles,
On its way stoney hassles.
Poets calm but stream is serious,
Is it melody? Or music delirious.
Stays one skylark, stays one poet,
On a high rock near its banks.
Water with poetry gives us a light,
Sail away clouds, soul or sight,
Glorious is the stream in spring,
Flowers bloom on its banks,
Queen Nightingale or martyr's rose,
Stays she for a sacred prose.
Flows, flows it with thanks giving's
Passed millennium but still she sings,
Born out of rocks and glaciers,
Thanks angels for a sematic sojourn,
Skylarks, eagles or martyrs,
A revolution that poet to adorn.
When Zulchu came with Tatar hordes,
Bewailed my vale for its martyr's,
History has left the tragic notes,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Streams of blood and flashing of swords.
Burnt besides you shrines of souls,
Mausoleums of saints lovers,
Oh! Waters of Sindh streams,
Now a beautiful sun into you glamours.
External Joy, External gleam.
Independence is divine destiny,
Rock of liberty is our glory.
Fly the birds of joy in the air,
Sweet songs, sweet harmony,
Native love, native dear.
Traveller from woods looks no weary,
Oh! My Joy comfort of love,
Spend one night here in the dales,
Martyr love is martyred now.
Burst out stars and break above valley,
Mirrors of beauty or songs of grace,
Rush of waters with a musical taste,
Oh! hasty love, oh, beloved race,
Tears from skylark never go waste.
Stood once there fort Gagangir,
Stern pass between mountains,
Battle fought on the banks of stream,
Royalty of Rinchin and Shahmir.
Crown glorious of my values,
Waters still glint and gleam.
Defeated king and his courtiers,
They all bade adieu to scepter,
Lyricists of dale, or souls of martyrs,
Adorned and loved their saint saviour.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

It was a light from Turkistan,
That enlightened cities and palaces of Kashmir,
Oh! Heavens of god and his glorious dawn,
Beloved our saint and beloved Shahmir,
Oh! Testament of dear skylark,
Oh! chiselled pebbles of dear stream,
Bridges or stones or brich trees,
Clouds white and not dark,
Moves one poet and his dream.
Golden leaves or bumbling bees,
Stream that gives us joy and love,
Once acknowledged our suffering and agonies,
Its waters never dry up now.
Times past or time heroes,
Drank its waters the horses of Khotan,
Bathed in its glories the soldiers of Kashghar,
Drenched swords with blood hesitant.
There were no beloveds there were no lovers.
Mirza became our lord master.
Oh! our destinies, oh, divine creator.
Freedom never comes like gushing stream,
Stream Sindh or a public dream.
It needs souls like restless waters,
Crossing bars in sun and showers.
Statue of liberty or martyr's sleep,
Hidden love is sweet and deep.
Stream of Sindh Smiles and Shines,
With its rocks and oaths divine.
Continuity is its glory,
Love red hot and versified lines

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

On beloved Shores, the pearls look fine,
Stream of Sindh, my Soul's Skylark
Pearls of joy Shine in dark
Come what may, it rushes devoutly.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Sukhnag

Composed during my stay at Govt High school Wanigam (Pattan)

Glimpses, glints, galloping and goads,
Through the glades and against the rocks,
Oh! My vibrant, Joyous Sukhnag,
You are born to travel long,
Distance to meet ocean of love,
This festival of skylark and dove.
Funeral of glory, gay and glamour,
When there are autumn and winters.
Burning leaves fall on waters,
In the vacancy of rain showers.
Come along my dewy love,
Sail away clouds and fly skylarks,
On the banks of Sukhnag now,
Bivouace blushing lovers.
Meanders through beautiful glades,
Joy of spring and spring is now.
Rocks, pebbles, shadows of shrines,
A huge representative of high gifted love,
Weary is not a soul of Sukhnag,
Released emotions of saint springs,
Oh! Eternity to you I belong,
Time Lord one angel sings.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Sukhnag or eastern sun,
Rise up pearls, tears and waters,
Work of a Lord or natures fun,
Oh! Silent shores, kingdom of lovers.
Love me waters in the vale of martyrs,
Here flow nector and blood of love,
Moves on time and born are saviours,
The same is song the same is dove.
Waters, waters or waters of revolution,
Poets sing in the dales of cuckoos,
Native Sukhnag and native nation,
Beauty of truth one saint proves.
Daughter of glory and goddess,
Twilight that candle loves,
Time queens are sovereign kings,
Stream of joy for skylarks and doves.
This waterfall of an ancient love,
Or shining body of crown civilization,
Give us 'thy' inspiration now,
For poet skylarks with divine temptation.
Races, rumbles and runs Sukhnag,
Imagination or a lotus wet,
Short space but sojourn long,
From sunrise to scarlet sun set.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Civilization of Love

Poets die with skylark fames,
After they lit a revolutionary flame.
Time eternity, soar up eagles,
Oh! Wake up slaves, break the shakles.
Doves now rule in the blue sky,
Bright domes or castles of candles,
Oh! beloved death, one soul now rises,
To meet his Lord and the fairest angels.
Moon is a love and feels shy,
Poets or glorious anthems,
Martyrs or sunny beams.
Roman bells now ring in joy,
Now speak towers of Athenic lyceum,
New lovers new beloveds of Troy,
Western thoughts of lock and Hume.
One nightingale in a garden of poetry,
Bloody roses or shy daffodils,
Swords and spears never bring glory,
Oh! Monarch love of dales and dills.
Angles, shrines and martyrs of love,
Civilisation of love dawns now.
Poets adorn the martyrdom of martyrs,
Their burning verses wet with love
Golden pens or ink of showers

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

In a night of skylark and morning of dove
I am the sufferer of my times
Glorious temples or grace of bells
Invisible is our most loved saint
My broken soul breaks out no pain
Where are those times of love
Mirthful eagle, mirthful dove
Gold or silver, sovereignty of Harod
Oh! Glittering liberty can we afford
Payment for sins of others
Honesty blossoms in morning showers
Poets and sages are blithe race
Human love, human taste
One martyrdom, one martyr in haste
Secular democracy, tears did not waste
Work of a soul is a making of a sage
Empire of love or golden age.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Arnemall

Beauty's crown, diadem of kingdom,
She was the poet of Roman wisdom.
Greece or halls Senators of fame.
She lighted in souls eternal fame.
Arnemal a poetess of protest,
Composed poems against greed and lust.
Greedy were the eyes of governors,
Arnemal a saint of Savors,
Feudalism or cast system,
Poverty or political doldrums,
False pearls in a false diadem,
She wrote songs, anthems and hyms.
She was a saint and secular soul,
Exiled her love or Afghan rule,
Secular temples or glory of mosques,
A melancholy poetess a mute mole,
Raced time's horse or mule.
Beneath the stars, a savant of saints,
Oh! Governess of glory and grace,
Poetic death and sacrificial ashes,
Beautiful born in a beautiful race.
Weeping lily oh tears of bulrushes,
Dear Daughters of Brahmmincal souls,
Rebirth of poetry, glorious goals.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Muslims discovered a mosque in you,
Prayerful beauty morning dew,
Venice of love of beloved's value,
Chosen songs for chosen few.
Oh! Native nightingale oh native Pallhalan,
Among the flowers, a flower pale
A forlorn moon of the legends of Kalhan,
Betrayed lover's a besotted tale.
A fairy was sold in lieu of tears,
A fairy tale and rain showers,
Poetess was lost in a lustre of dew,
That saints knew, that seers knew.
Love cremated once for all,
Unpoetic man heard no call.
A thorn in a rose for arrogant Afghans,
She never loved airy aristocracy,
Across the vale still reverberate her songs,
Oh! Melancholy, she died saintly.
Sainthood or patriotic song,
Soul of Arnemal to heavens belong.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Love's Clergy

Like a savant I still wait,
At the gates of golden city,
My patience and the blessings late,
Arrival of high saint and spiritual glory.
Love for humanity and humane race,
Global taste for kind kingdom,
Poets of benevolence, skylight haste,
Shines my soverign kings diadem.
Oh! Glory there is no fear or menace,
It is architecture on golden base,
Like a flower of flowering vale,
Nurtures love and vegetates culture,
Golden gates of golden dale,
Sweet clouds of monastic nature.
Thy, wild flower of desolate love,
Jilted wishes, my jolted heart,
Uncensored beauty that beholds dove,
My smart, sheltering, sainthood sward.
Like a beggar, in night dark,
I beg of melody of skylark.
This is my loves secular clergy,
I wander about in streets of Rome,
My anguished heart, and my soul,
Nurses me grace or glory.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Different relic, different dome,
Times bells still knoll.
Those who wait for whelkins joy,
Saints of love without any fail,
Angles of goodness never them decoy,
Oh! Spiritual vale 'oh' poetic dale.
Like a human soul of beauty,
This beautiful masque of glory,
Thousand lights of thousand love,
Poet, skylark, eagle or dove.
Oh! Adam's progeny now construct an empire,
Of love, brotherhood and secular taste,
Lofty pillars and covenant dear.
Waste no time near churche's gate.
Be a temple of template love,
My restless soul Oh, genious dove.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Liberty of a Flower

Kiss me not oh, lover of vale,
I am a flower of seven days,
Transient joy of dill and dale,
Shadows, Shades or splendid rays,
Mausoleums of famous souls,
What for if church bell knolls?
This is the world of sorrows and shades,
Death comes to princes and pirates.
Princesses glory or beggars beauty,
Thieves are commanders of night,
Burns this candle, burns slowly,
Fair Flower's holistic majesty.
Short life of a fragrant saint,
Sits in a shrine of spring love,
Sweet petals with no complaint,
Murder of love is a murder of dove.
Touch me not with your hands,
Enter me with soul and heart,
Before the arrival of handful saints,
Consign in me, a lot, a lot.
Tremendous love of seven sisters,
Chosen pillars or chosen wisdom,
Flowers not know waterly oysters,
I am a flower of a garden of kingdom.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Martyrs or the wandering bards,
Swords or the beloved's eyebrows,
Inked darkness or sheeny shrouds,
I am a flower, my name is rose.
Whose beauty and fragrance I represent?
Glamour of a nation or a glamour whole,
I am a redrose of martyrdom,
Martyrs or love's soul,
High thinking and high wisdom,
Flower, flower now bells ring,
Arrival of heroes, singing carols.
This the time to love and to sing,
Dear martyrs, dear souls,
Now, I am free like you Oh flower,
Liberty, oh, beloved and lover.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Nostalgia

Eyes or the watering holes,
Floods anciently this tearful love,
This garden's bell ever knolls,
Time to stay for skylark and dove.
Eagles are never faithful in the sky,
Oh! Falcons of glorious greed,
Stars twinkle, stars never die,
Pearls red inside bleed.
Eyes or the mausoleum dreams,
Shrines, Swords or martyrs,
On cool marble my beloved sleeps,
Fairy of love or fragrance of flowers.
Martyr smile or a shy rose,
This is true love's blood bath,
Kings knows every Queen knows,
Thorny is the floral path.
Blue water pools or lurid love,
Oh! Forbidden garden of my beloved,
East to skylark and west to dove,
A song written on the shroud.
Time glorious hasty, hasty,
Never arrive caravans of saints,
Speaks my soul sweetly and saintly,
Love forgotten sans complaints.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Glorious visage or a glory of sun,
Splendid rays or scattering of grace,
Among seven moons, this spiritual nun,
One amongst the Semitic race.
Ancient shepherds of Hebrew hordes,
Sang the songs of distant vales,
These luxury's sainthood tastes,
Beauty glimmerd on Mediterranean shores.
Now sinned souls are saints now,
Long term effect of Biblical love.
I have not sinned against Christian Soul
Song clean, perfect and whole
Beauty, beauty, oh, my beauty
Rome or, thy, Norman glory
Sugar, honey or distilled wine,
Nector flows in the streams of Eden,
Water pearls or eyes thine,
Swims love in the glory or passion.
Epistles or Solon's lute,
Palaces of Solomon or Daniels sweet,
In the defence of glory, our souls are mute,
Queen nostalgia, superbly sweet.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Time and Seasons

Sweet soul of a sky's songster,
A blessed song for a blithe vale,
My soul or beloved's oyster,
Summer's clouds away and sail.
This is the spring of my skylark,
A feathered envoy of poets of Rome,
Bright are days, nights not dark,
It stays put on blue dome.
Pearls of beauty of shy sky,
Or, gold of a golden race,
This smiling Sheba is born to die,
A rose planted in a muddy vase.
This is the summer of choosen lovers,
Blue navy in a blue sky,
Towerlights or vacant stars,
Oh! Juicy love, souls never die,
Smiling morning, rain showers.
A saint traveller waits on shore,
A pure pilgrim of love's pilgrimage,
Heart enriched, never calls him poor,
Oh! Beautiful soul, a God's image.
Love is not a mineral love,
What for pearls, gold and silver?
It is a song, nightingale and dove,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

When sings skylark in a shy glamour.
Fragrant rose or poet nightingale,
Blessed are gardens of my dale.
Dear dills are the dearest beauty,
All songs are heavens glory.
This is an autumn of smouldering love,
Pale fruits or bush fire of leaves,
Chinar trees are red and matured now,
Spinning of love on spinning wheels.
Different fruits on different trees,
Gentle love of gentle bees.
This is the winter of warm kisses,
It snows, snows on a December rose,
Burning of leaves or rebirth of wishes,
This herald of joy, only poet knows.
In a glad mirror my frozen beauty,
Shimmers, Shimmers this glacial pearl,
It speaks of truth and cool glory,
Adorns the poet, sage and earl.
Time, oh, short for sailors sojourn,
On a deck of ship one compass burns,
Oh, hasty times, fruits sour,
Wise men and women, learn,
Tricks of time folklore,
It is a Sojourn from Shore to Shore.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Gold that Never Sells

Glimmer those glorious eyes,
Sweet wine's drenched lips,
It is martyrdom for love martyrs,
Broken mirrors, thousand kisses.
Oh! Lonely red star of my bleeding love,
Exiled I am to thee, empire,
My friends are skylark and dove,
One song of love to two souls dear.
Twilight of lives and speaking horizon,
This compliment of hasty soul,
Stars calm but angels mention,
Story of our love, church bells knoll
Oh! Cathedral of my chandliered wishes,
Glorious look distant stars,
Mirrors, mirrors of red lip kisses,
Two souls or sweet wars.
Harmony of sweet love flows,
Tenderly through tenderal wreathes,
Hearse of wishes still love glows,
This is the gospel that priest preaches.
Love's lovers often lovingly die,
Pale moon ever feels shy.
This is the mausoleum of my love,
Rebirth and resurgence now.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Renaissance of reasonable age,
Glowing tempers of philosopher and sage.
A sole lover and a sole beloved,
Oh! Golden gates of seat of learning,
Tall tolerance and humbled proud,
Candles of Rome still burning.
Is it a beauty of beautiful Venice?
Golden boats in golden lakes,
Spiritual love, my masque of penance,
Gibralter rock never moves or shakes.
She, alone, stands steadfast,
On golden touch stones of golden love,
Sky high my ambassador lark,
Time glorious lasted and lost,
Priestly, humble, soul of a dove.
Sermons in stones or on birch bark,
Pebbles, stones or old rocks,
Ancient bells and music sweet,
Thousand saints or thousands skylarks,
On the bank of stream two souls meet.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Shores of Levant

Love is a light of lovers souls,
This golden kingdom's bell knolls.
Advent of seven sky martyrs,
To the freedom of sweet flowers.
This is the city of kingdom of God,
With liberties and charter of rights,
Ever joyous the poets of sward,
Without fearful days and nights.
Beloved's soul is filled with glory,
Shimmery rays shimmer saintly.
In flower, flourishes the rural love,
This urbanity of skylark or dove.
There is a love in the shrines of saints,
Marble mausoleums of flickering lights,
Glorious days and holy nights,
This love syngogical never hates.
Religious souls of worshipping humanity,
Service to mankind, servitude glory.
Beckoning lights of the joyous cities,
Golden fruits of the golden trees.
White glories emit from distant stars,
Peace skylark, oh, eagle wars.
City of loves with ministry of dove,
This is the church of my glorious beloved.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Heart and soul, sacrified to, thy, love,
Love's sanctity I feel, ever, proud.
Field of tears is a melting joy,
Unboundless is a soul's Troy.
Shimmer or slip those seven pearls,
Beautiful turns, oh, beauty learns.
Art of an eagle and an art of falcon,
Hermit lives in a hermitage,
Majesty of mirror and magnificence of devotion,
Time glorious for glory of sage.
Beloveds or the mausoleums of souls,
Church duties, spiritual goals,
Never die this sage and savant,
Traveller saint on the shores of levant.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Heemal

Mythical goddess of my vale's beauty,
Shy, become Rome and Cleopatra,
Springs of Kashmir filled with glories,
Joy to Jerusalem and daughter of Elia,
Beauty of Kashmir in Hebrew tales,
Love flowers in flowering vales.
Heemal our, Pride and, glory,
A pearl concealed in the depth of soul,
Waters flow, waters never tarry.
Surging volitions and tears whole.
She was the beauty descended from heaves,
An inspiration for poets and shepherds,
She is the call and clarity of nations,
Flowering beauty of surging waters.
She bequeathed love to my dills and dales,
And purified springs of dating love,
Oh, soul of civilization and pearl of vales.
Martyred beloved, of skylark and dove.
Mystic mistress of the ministrels of my vale,
Whiteness of clouds, my empress of dale,
Give us glimpse through the glorious mirror,
Beloved pale, and an antiquated lover.
We know you wept on the shores of lake,
For retrieval of the prince Nagrai,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

For love's sake, for humanity's sake,
Emulated you princess of Troy.
Oh! Sheeny goddess of Satisar,
Dear soul of a dear lover.
Teach us spiritual love and wisdom,
Of seven cities of golden kingdom.
Cost is our proud, Lost is our relic,
We have lost the culture of vale,
Love fragmented, our souls polycentric,
Away, away clouds sail.
Seven sisters with torn off veils,
Who will protect the glory of a diamond?
Shepherd bewails, saint bewails,
This Heemal of my lost kingdom.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

An Emerald

Give me back my golden urn,
Oh! Beloved of my sainthood dreams,
Now it is a time for two souls to return,
To tower light that ever gleams,
Ours was a love untold,
That only sweet skylarks knew,
Borrowed light is not a light sold,
This mystery only known to few.
Give me back my golden heart,
Oh! Impossibility of returning of tears,
Melted our love in shyness of emerald,
Heavens seven of almighty Lord.
Once we bathed in the glory of morn showers,
Ancient love's fanatic lovers.
Twinkling star my tartuff beloved,
She is not secular in sheeny love.
Give me back my youthful days,
Beloved sun's liberal rays.
Saintliness or mirror of proud,
Those were chastised innocent days.
Nightingales, enchanting vale,
Gifted glory of glorious rays,
Harmonious ,was every dill and dale.
Shy emerald, or a chastised pearl,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Beauty sung in the song of skylark,
Sweet seventeenth 'oh' springs girl,
Nights were clear and not dark.
That was our oath, pledged to sky,
To be faithful in a sacred love,
Now broken mirrors, Souls never die,
Still fly skylark and dove.
Imagination or golden magnificence,
My inspiration with munificence.
Return me back my gold and verse
My mineral love, my spiritual love,
One poem adorned, Thy, famous hears,
There are not mausoleum for skylark and dove.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Neelnag

Burns bushfire in the forests of Neel Nag,
Sorrel twilight and appearing stars,
Oh! Hillside of Peshaj and Nag,
Present carries past along,
Spiritual are my poet and bard,
Blue Neel Nag with blue waters,
Shepherd sings there a lovely song,
This is my vale's serene sward.
Distant are the nomads tents,
Released gypsies with released joy,
A nature's court with liberty's clients,
There are no magistrates of ancient Troy.
Sail away the white clouds,
And cuckoos sing the sweetest songs.
Awakens joy and awakens morning,
To the dream of emerald beloved belongs.
It is a time for shepherds returning,
Along with cattle to the green hamlets,
Eventide and hoary sites.
It is a time for releasing poetry?
Out of out bursts of sudden glory.
There are beloved and lovers,
Trekkers from the glades of Yousmarg,
White clouds and hasty showers,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Brahmins call it an eternal sourag.
A love's synod on the shores of Neelnag,
Exiled Pandavas a lonely Paryag.
Priests there the, speaking flowers,
Holy waters, sermons cascading,
Beauty of Sonamarg or beauty of Gulmarg,
Sweet springs, nector fountaining,
There is a solitude a lord's simile,
A burning verse a poet's glory.
Oh! Neelnag, oh! Innocent metaphor,
Shores up beauty, Shores up sapphire.
How beautiful is my lake Neelnag?
Beauty takes sonnets along.
Now sings joy for vacant dales,
Adorned love with pearls and tears.
Silence or sanctity of my vales,
Beauty glorious, Shrouded in veils.
Tears of saints fall in Neelnag,
Lovers stay on the shores of Neelnag.
Trust of fairies and trustworthy joy,
Maids of meadows never decoy,
Country side of joy and kindness,
Live there Saints with the smell of Saintliness.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Inspiration

Alliteration of my patriotic song
Sighted similies or soul's metaphor
Envoys of love and vast expanse
Azure, azure in colour is emerald
Released joy of eagle and skylark
White inspiration from the stars of sky,
Mistresses of woods feel shy.
Loveliness of my lovely song.
Oh! Winged volitions to you I belong.
One plant and its soul so dear?
Faithful flower and a wandering lover.
Shy beauty's smiling emerald,
Expanding rays never halt,
Light of inspiration, blessing of Lord.
Cool, ever, is a morning shower,
A soonet adorned with beloved's metaphor.
I sing my song in shepherd's vale,
My patriot's and martyr's mirror,
Light unseen pierces dark veil,
My country, my country men dear.
Beauty bleeding is a confirmed love,
Martyred souls of skylark and dove.
Verses gold with silver theme,
Strewn pearls of soul born tears,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Duty of lovers or nation's call,
Dedication is a glitterie gleam,
Save our souls, oh, sacred saviours,
Perfect beauty in perfect all.
Descending harmony and flowing love,
Poetry is like a stream of joy,
Renaissance and liberty now,
Fragrance of my flower coy.
Tears in lotus, oh, vast expanse,
This is a light of my soul's Venice
Source of inspiration is a souls of love,
On a holy march are thousands martyrs,
Wounded skylark and wounded dove,
Beloveds behold faith in tears.
Beauty glimpsing beautiful now.
Glory and grace to my ancient nation,
Civilization of sages and seers,
Gleaming lights of our soul and station,
Country of my pearls and peers.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Sonamarg

Oh! Joyous meadows of wild flowers,
Source of streams, seat of lovers,
Oh! Sweet sister of blushing glades,
Forested vale of exiled saints.
Exiles my love on your name,
From my heart and soul with tears,
For the sake of theme and to burn one flame,
Beloved Sonamarg, an abode of lovers.
Rumbling streams of sweet honey,
It is a love for morning birds,
Heavens grace, gay and glory,
Gentleness or a leafy trophy.
Lift us heavens to the halls of flame,
High altitude of hanging harmony,
Civilization or love's burning flame,
Sonamarg a bowl of glory.
In the assembly hall of our famous martyrs,
Speeches written on the barks of cidars,
Ended suffering of sufferers,
Glorious souls, ever, hate wars.
Behold I beauty of forgotten love,
Martyrs souls or skylark and dove.
Golden meadow you have been,
Our kindest sister and acknowledged scholar,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Your every stone and flower speak,
Alike of love and tragedies sheen,
Thy! art of love beloved and lover,
Humanity of human being .
Men seek and women seek.
Freedom of light, freedom of soul,
Bells of monastery of Sonamarg knoll,
Golden reign of dill and dale,
Stationary flowers and away clouds sail,
Sonnets written in the stones of our vale,
Away, away our children bewail,
This transitory beauty of transitory love,
Coffins of snow for skylark and dove.
Oh! maids of our realms of gold,
Unmeasured soul of unmeasured love,
This flickering flame is sacred and old,
What burnt in the past, is burning now.
Sainthood souls with spiritual light,
Oh! One glimpse of a glorious sight.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Mughal Gardens

These gardens of love of medieval fame,
Flowers shy, oh lovers dale,
It is twilight and burns one flame,
Nation it was, but once put on sale.
Mughal gardens of my Land,
Bring joy to every soul,
Citizens or gypsies land,
Golden bells religiously knoll,
Love of skylark and magnificence of dove,
Fragrant Greenwoods, greening of poets,
Fairness of a flower famous now.
Thousand tapers, thousand lights.
I hear from distance a shepherd's song,
Sweet melodious, cool like emerald,
Dear Mughal gardens to you I belong,
Oh! Vacant mountains tall and bald.
Forested love with hairy leaves,
Wet is my soul with streamy themes.
Mughal gardens of joy and love,
Tarry in sunshine, there skylark and dove.
Hills of our hillsides joy,
Innocence and flowers coy.
Glory of Shalimar, Nishat or Achabal,
Morning breeze of Naseem or Hazratbal.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Cuckoos sing the songs of vale,
Bleeding nightingale or martyr's tale.
The Mughal kings and the Queens,
They were all enamoured of my vale,
Suffering lights or souls of human beings,
Oh! Innocent love was on sale.
Mughal gardens or poets of Kashmir
Wet harmony of bards and poets,
Inspiration and golden sonnets.
Soul and pride bequeathed to me,
Every soul here poetic to be.
From fragrant flower and gallant shahmir.
Spirituality or the gracious gardens.
Oh! Sweetness of song never hardens,
Spacious soul of a sage or seer,
Beauty beholds, my, beauties of Kashmir,
Song of Kashmir is a song of love,
Treasure of tragedies, never tarry clouds,
Shepherds suffered, beloveds suffered,
Wept my skylark and my dove,
Oh! Soul of Kashmir or martyrs shrouds,
Glorious past and saints referred.
Mughal gardens freedom of love,
Now, we are glad and be free,
Harmonious love and honey bee.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Gulmarg

Queen of tastes and flowers,
Streams of joy, clouds of harmony,
Rush lovers to this valley,
In sunshine or rain showers,
Kashmir is famous for Gulmarg,
Sweet mistress and green wood Marg.
Tourists come and tarry there,
In camps near bush fires, amid deodar trees,
Souls of poets and sonnets dear,
Churning of love by intelligent bees,
Valley of Gulmarg is a song of Kashmir,
Love it a shepherd, priest or peer
Beloveds bivouace there and blithely meditate,
Lovers see angels on the clouds,
Hesitant love but joy in haste,
White clouds or martyrs shrouds,
It teaches us love for forlorn vale,
Portrait of beauty is never on sale.
Heaven of eagles and peacocks,
There are pine trees with golden leaves,
Skylarks perch upon high rocks,
Up in the sky, oh, glory heaves.
Shepherds sing there lovely songs,
Souls of martyrs rest for a long,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Solitary reaper, oh, shy of followers,
Soul, wanderer, to whom it belongs.
Beauties beatitude ancient song,
Martyrs of day or night lovers.
Gulmarg is our passionate love,
Come from hemisphere skylark and dove,
Azure sky or blue diamonds,
Snow drops or white walls,
It is a Queen of every seasons,
There bell of joy ever tolls.
Discovered this verdant our poetic king,
While on a stroll with his Queen,
Maids of vale still sing,
Pride songs with hearts clean.
Reminds us Gulmarg, our glorious past,
When gallant Kazi Chak met invaders,
Fought he bravely for a cause lost,
Lost we pride and became sufferers.
Teach me, oh, flowers, thy, medieval love,
For kings and Queens dead now,
Speaking inspiration is this vale,
Poets are born in dill and dale.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Lake Gangabal

Sweet , Serene, oh, shy Gangabal,
Shepherds call you mountainous lake,
Beneath your feet lies lake Manasbal,
Poets awake and saints awake.
Yee, surrounded by the forested hills,
Meeting of soul, still she wills,
Skylarks on the mountains tops,
Join streams into blue vessel,
During the winter herald snow drops,
Roses in the May or beloveds' hearts
Herald beauty of Lake Gangabal.
Slowly, sheepishly, beloved elopes,
With the prince of lake Manasbal,
This is an abode of saints and seers,
Resting place for fugitives of love,
Countryside for unconfirmed peers,
Hold conference there skylark and dove.
Mirror of majesty my lake Gangabal,
Golden rays kiss its breast,
Behind tree shades lurkes love eternal,
Its vernal verdants are verily blest,
Gorgeous bridegroom, oh, lake Gangabal,
You are wed locked to wood lands of Manasbal
Fairies weep and tears fall,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Below into muddy-earthen pots,
Nature's innocence stands tall,
In countryside's secluded plots.
On its shores live ascetics souls,
Or mausoleums of martyred lovers,
Oh! Golden dawn and love's carols,
Sole, solitary, bell still knolls,
There is a joy in this vale,
It is freedom's dill and dale.
Liberty, there, is God's love,
Teach me song, oh, skylark and dove,
Mirror of beloved is the silent lake,
Or pearl fallen from the crown of heavens,
Oh! Valedictory vernal vale,
Agonies of love you bear with patience.
I still call you a monastery's saint,
Of spirituality speak meadows,
One flower, there is no complaint,
You give us joy and not sorrows.
There are angels and there is a God,
Beauty beautiful cedars sward,
Golden birch trees, sermons of love,
Relic of joy or a tear of dove.
Above sings one skylark,
Love's sonnet written on birche's lark.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Humanity

Love humanity and live in hermitage,
And splendid soul is not a savage.
Poets find relics of love,
In the empires of skylark and dove.
Eagle on the blue sojourn,
In the hearts of saints, humanity is born,
Bliss of love, blessings of Lord,
Enobbing humanity of the noblest God.
Soft spoken sire of love,
Mirroring rays of morning pearls,
Humanity is an anthem of dove,
Oh! Skylark of seven worlds,
Humanity lives in human soul,
Spirit of saints, sweetness of Carole.
Not Semitic but love of races,
It is secular and spiritual light,
Native are these familiar faces,
Humanity is a star of a night.
It is a religion without rabbies,
No synagogue, masque or temple,,
Love generates in joyous rubbies,
Humanity is a glory ample.
Without arrows, spears and swords,
It marches on and conquers empires,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Thy, angelic song of beautiful words,
Humanity is a soul of sapphires.
Serve this goddess of beatitude,
Noble action and noble attitude.
Humanity is a spiritual love,
Of the empire of skylark and dove.
Global song for a glorious world,
Without sects , without hatred,
Humanity sainthood purpled.
Cups of wine are never hated,
When humanity becomes a song of beloveds,
Sacred souls, pigeons and clouds.
Blest are the dearest of dear.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Snow Drop

Smiles saintly this snow drop,
The monastic moon on a mountain top.
A white monastery of loveliness,
I call you fairy of fairness.
Dull is a life in dead winter,
Frozen splendour of poetic soul,
Still you bloom with vision clear,
Priest in churchyard solitary and sole.
Snow drop my white Rome,
Neighbour of the Grecian dome
Glory of December is a love latent,
Snow drop is a beloved hesitant.
Day of lent for a snow drop,
A missionary maudlin in monastic grace,
From its smile the pearls drop,
Oh! White soul of untouched lass.
Saint martyr with no sins,
You have no kiths or kins.
Sacred sighs and seductive smiles,
Soul anguished never cries.
Snow drop, what a sheeny sight?
Beneath the stars one earthly light.
Life of snowdrop is a beloved's stay,
Beauty of nature with hidden sorrow,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

In a shrine of saints with joy and gay,
Will you not come tomorrow?
You are a joy in the month of December,
A white flower and snow dear.
An inspiration provided by Lord,
Snow drop of snow-covered sward.
Thee, priestess of the white snow,
Speaks love besides shepherds latern,
White, White, whiteness grows,
A flower fallen from the kingdom of Saturn,
Warmth of love from the December rose.
Snow drop of a spotless snow,
Shaped by the angels hands,
You never bloom in summer glades,
Symmetry of blessings, Oh, snow drop,
A snowy carnival on a hills top,
It defies every highwayman's sword,
Goes to heaven with Hellenic word,
You bloom and wither very soon,
Death is not but a dream in the noon,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Lake Manasbal

Cool emerald born in Waters,
Joy there in the morning showers.
Native, my, beloved in eventide love,
Fly across it skylark and dove.
Mirth of Maudlin, Lake, Manasbal,
Cups of cupid on it shores,
Beloveds call it a Paribal,
Fairies sing love's folklores.
Flung off from the finger of sage,
Blue pearl of ancient age.
Stay waters beautifully calm,
There is a love but no bedlam.
Cool lake surrounded by hills,
Brimmed with waters are springs of love,
Famous are its dales and dills,
There is a peace and reign of dove.
Fairies fly with skylarks,
Mark love saintly nightingales,
Its glorious tale written on birch barks,
Pride Manasbal among the vales.
It was an evening when I met,
Soul partner of my younger days.
Rose of beauty from heavens let,
Out on the splendour of rays.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

She confided in me romantic tales,
Of byone age of byone love,
She was the beauty of hidden lakes,
Our ministrels were skylark and dove.
Deep is an ocean of celestial love,
Terrestrial song or skylark and dove.
On its waters stays crown of Kashmir,
Beauty beholds Budshah and Shahmir.
My martyred love taught me a song,
Of love eternal of times long.
Lake Manasbal is a Queen of shepherds,
Surrounds it the gardens of fruits,
A watery Eden of joyous birds,
Love is not a task of brutes.
Cold tears shall never pollute,
This blue beloved of shimmering pearls.
Still plays solon on its flute,
For romance of saints, knights and earls.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Separation

We are on the either shores,
Between in the stripe of waters,
Sweet are the lover's folklores,
Blessed are the rain showers,
Lips or the green almonds,
Eagle, peacock or diamonds,
It was a dance of silvery joy,
Timed out glory of Troy.
Kiss me again like previous days,
The sun is the same with splendid rays,
Blue waters of the Blue Nile,
Swim stars in your eyes.
Stays one peacock on marble tile.
Dance, dance and flaming dies.
On separation our cold tears,
Two souls anguished, two holy birds,
Opened the temples and sapphires,
Sacred festival of sacred words.
Oh! You are my glorious love,
I send you message with eagle and dove.
Will you wait on the rock of Gibralter?
Or in the halls of wilderness,
We will drink the holy water,
Is it twilight or your shyness?

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Silken tresses from silken balls,
Drunken eyes ever enthrall,
Souls of saints on its calls,
Famined love looks famously tall.
Seek stars in the blue sky,
Warmth of beloveds or whelkin love,
Feel they honestly fervid and shy,
When beneath they see skylark and dove.
Come to this shore my eminent beloved,
Under the waters there are pearls,
Times before when you smiled,
Envious of you are crown's earls.
Hidden beauty of hidden love,
You are sapphire of saint glorious,
Steal my joy but smile now,
Two souls of saints pious.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Portrait of Memory

Eyes or the two emeralds
Blue, blue, blueness of sky
This is a beauty, shaped by Lord
Poets feel honourably shy
Walks my beloved in wilderness,
Queen adorned by songs of Troy
Majesty's everlasting kindness
I borrowed joy from her shyness.
Lips red or a blood of sapphire.
She steals glory from Athens
Fallen off Queen from star Jupiter
Stays my love in the heart of Venice
Poets on the golden boats
Row earnestly to islands of love
Love's sailors, hunters and shepherd
Golden age dawns now.
Flight of glory or streams of harmony,
Still she sings in valentine's Vale,
Oh! Skylark this is my agony,
Golden heart in a golden skylark,
Never defiles this earth gifted,
Glorious sky no clouds dark,
For me this cup is still awaited.
I live by my past sorrows,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

I never taste a cup of joy,
Poet forgotten never borrows,
False fame from false Troy.
Beloved forgotten is not a love forgotten,
I still awake by your ancient grace,
Tears begotten or memory begotten,
This is romance's architecture base.
In your courtyard strewn are pearls,
You are neighbour of western twilight,
Beauty, shy, of seven worlds,
Oh! Sweet-stars distant light,
Neighbour souls, alien sceptres,
This is a fate of uncommon lovers

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

To Blossoms

Little blossoms of fragrant soul,
You bloom, when church bells knoll.
This is a fairly love's tale,
Blooming blossoms blithely bewail.
Shrine of white clouds hail,
Your passing on, as fleets sail.
Ocean of my warm tears,
Surging waves, ships and sailors.
One blossom bloomed in my garden,
Benedictions and my prayers,
Legacy of love and not love's burden,
Tiny blossom a speaker of lovers.
Love's speech is written on a blossom,
Tiny leaves or tremorous tresses,
Death glorious, loveliness whole some,
This blushing beauty beautifully crushes.
Every innocent soul, robber or sire,
Saint blossom is sainthood dear.
Sweet blossom, Oh! Shortest life,
Seven days of bride and bride groom,
Cuts your joy this leafy knife?
Will you not again bloom?
Dear blossoms of my forgotten vale,
Martyrs for whom I bewail.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Bloom, bloom for visionary sight,
Passing beauty or a glorious light.
Stay longer in a garden of my beloved,
Oh! my dying blushing youth,
In seven nights to be loved,
Either here or in the garden of Beirut.
Love is a command and voice of a blossom,
There is no plurality in a sacred love,
Often it enters into martyred bosom,
Blossoms die for skylark and dove.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

My Beloved Country

Country of my beloved love,
Freedom of skylark, freedom of dove.
Country of my saints and sages,
Soul anguished since ages.
Since times memorial, gardens of love,
Fresh waters flow now.
Sweetness is the taste of my country,
Land of temples, mosques and monasteries,
Churches and gurdhwaras of glory,
Theme of love, beautiful carries.
Beauty of rose and martyred love,
Beloved flees with flying falcon,
Assembly of our liberal flowers,
Secular shrine of skylark and dove.
Golden verse a golden pen.
Poet laureate is my country's soul,
Songs eternal, wakeful lovers,
Blessed are golden glades,
Mountains, hills and dills and dales,
My beloved country of saints and martyrs,
Still twilight is sorrel and scarlet,
Freedom of beloveds, freedom of lovers,
Souls strayed, souls met.
I love my country with international love,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Soul religious and spiritual love,
Shrines of saints and martyrs tombs,
Universal love and ancient brotherhood,
Simple gathering and spirit becalms,
Frayed tempers of burning wood.
Nation's grace and nation's glory,
Forests, streams, rivers and lakes,
Eyes wakeful and eyes teary
Slumbering love awakes and awaits,
For a sacred love to honestly return,
To the shrine of soul to the urn of soul,
Golden vessels or lights of urr,
Burn, burn, candles burn
Return my love to the country whole,
True lights, never, Shyily blur.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Freedom of Pearls

Beauty dethroned never returns,
To the shrines of flowers and cathedrals,
My church of long fragrant love,
Burns fragrance, oh, soul burns,
Masque glory, prayers of beloveds,
Flight of harmony of skylark and dove.
Gay flowers around synagogue,
Speak of grace of blooming love,
Authority of soul of benign pedagogue,
Return truth and peace now.
To all the temples of knowledge,
For every soul, saint or savage.
Beauty adorned and Troy discovered,
By Spartan souls of Grecian legends,
There is no sword but a truthful word.
Pageantry by love's pageants.
I hope, skylark and eagle to stay,
At the tops of my nations glory,
Summitry of grace and shepherds gay,
Freedom of pearls and peacocks day.
When beloved is sad, nations decay,
Oh! My station of saints and seers,
Dead souls never speak or say,
About glory of their martyrs.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Returns one skylark from paradise,
For a song of love to be sung,
Now cross my beloved this bridge of sighs,
Across, across is a shrine of love.
Now centuries old despondency is flung,
Away, away two souls have clung,
With each other amidst tears,
Of love and festival of lovers.
Love triumphant all battles are won,
Age of skylark and dove has come,
To faithful daughter to faithful son,
An amount of love is a golden sum,
Golden bells will ring soon,
Coming of golden age of sainthood,
Martyr sun for a martyred noon,
Bleeds beloved for knights knighthood,
Only smiling flowers and singing nightingales,
Harmonious streams, harmonious vales,
Freedom mine and freedom of love,
Smiles my beloved, smiles now.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

My Beloved Vale

My beloved vale of singing birds,
Of streams, swards and stern hills,
Vale of gardens and pure lakes,
Poets and saints call it a country,
Nation of Sufis since times immemorial,
Sufferers and saviours and songsters of songs,
My beloved vale of standing hills,
Beneath are lovely and cool dills,
Dales or dills or glades of shepherds,
Vale or country of grace and glory,
Strong willed nation of its sainthood,
To beloveds of God they are loyal,
Patriots seek only love's knighthood,
Mirror of beloved my dancing vale,
Glory of pearls is never on sale.
My beloved vale of speaking hills,
Country of surrounding tall mountains,
Where hunters never chase and kill
Birds and animals of vale,
Lovely dales, Lovely dills.
Nation seers in passage caves,
Golden beauty and beloveds loyal,
Autumnal love and mirror shimmers,
Shepherds are the glorious slaves,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Of truth, beauty and goodness,
Beautiful nation of beautiful prayers,
Souls beautiful of God's kingdom,
Poets preach love and wisdom.
Call it a country or beloved vale,
Of martyrs, beloved tale.
Emerald shines in wilderness.
Mesopotamia or ancient urr,
Beloveds call it in different names,
Song of heavens or a mount turr.
There are rivers like Nile and Tigris,
The river Euphrates weeps for martyrs,
My valen of morning and eternal bliss
Flame of spirit or candle flames,
Vale of souls of gentleliness,
Speak poets in wilderness,
Beloved's emerald is sacred and cool,
Nector of love rises in a pool.
Mesopotamia, Babylon or urr,
Sacred candles on mouth Tur.
Light martyred for beauty of martyrs,
Lands cape of love and lovers,
Vale, vale my beautiful vale,
Inherited meeks this God's dale.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Rose and Daffodil

Life of a daffodil or of a rose,
Marked memory of poetry and prose.
Thy! Innocence sweetness's my soul,
Bliss of angels my eyes behold,
Beauties of beautiful born whole,
Rose and daffodil die not old.
Guest daffodil and host rose
Earlier, earlier your eyes close
Without any festival, without any funeral,
Still your souls are verdant and vernal.
My beautiful rose my beautiful daffodil,
I stand on the top of hill
Looking down at a monastery of God
Angels swarm at in a sward.
Rose, rose my blushing rose,
Source of poetry, source of prose
You spread fragrance in lovely gardens,
Without sentinels without wardens.
Lovers live in palaces and forts,
Angels row the golden boats.
Vessels of my bursting out tears,
Gardens of savants and sires.
I saw a funeral of a rose
From awakened joy when I arose,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Bed of thorns and desolate rose.
Without love, without smell,
Beauty, beauty one angel knows,
Familiar fame, rings golden bell.
Anthem of love my rose and daffodil,
Reign of glory in dale and dill.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

An Ode to Rose

Rose, rose my beautiful rose,
Poetry of poet and states man's prose,
You bloom in my beloved garden's lawn,
I smell your fragrance before, dawn,
Flight of harmony of skylark and dove,
Radiates rose verses of love,
Teach me rose one revolutionary song,
To your humanism I ever belong,
This Persian grace this Aryan tale,
Fragrance of Arabia or beauty of Florence,
Rose, you are religion of vale,
Of spiritual love, harmony and tolerance.
Rose a beauty of the month of May,
Beautiful Queen, emperors say,
Dies my rose in the lap of an angel,
After the lovers night long vigil.
Blooms happily in my Indus valley,
I recite your songs and sonnets daily.
Grant me smile and song 'oh' saint,
Lord forgives my sins off late,
For your love I ever wait,
Rose, you never complain or hate,
Fragrant rose and my national peacock,
Gardens of love, for the Queens of diamonds

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

No savages like eagle and hawk,
Can soil my rose and peaceful kingdoms.
Teach me Vedic vision of Islam,
Love of sky lark and dove
For rose I write a short epitaph,
Sleep my beauty and save beatitude,
For my liberty and an individual attitude,
Prayers of poets, love of prophets,
Smiling saints sermons prevail,
Over the countries of faithful and heretics,
This is lovely rose's tale.
Song of Isphahan, pride of Hindustan,
You graced the kingdoms of Saracens & Kushan,
Patriotism is your tale,
Oh! Martyr of my wailing vale.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Mirrors of Nation

Mirrors of my nation glory,
Reflect castles of joy with shyness,
Reveals horizon of love Saintly,
Twilight, Stars and godliness
They sky is bright and stars sway,
Milky paths for sky lark and dove,
Falcon, eagle and birds of gay,
Mirrors of nation or ancient love.
Saints live in the Himalaya's Caves,
Spread fragrance saint flowers,
Sea Shores our Sea Waves,
Make us manly not slowers.
Country of my gallant races,
Famous for its Spiritual riches,
Mirror of my nation flashes,
Beauty, beauty on ridges and beaches.
Lakes brimmed with sweet waters,
For poets famous and Skylarks,
Mirrors of my nation , beloveds and lovers,
Thy nobility soul of stars.
Come my love and sing one song,
Of beauty , beatitude and Sainthood,
Patriots are on Sojourn long,
My beloved nation, my glorious nationhood.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Mirrors of nation, mirror martyrdom,
In defence of league and love federal,
Nay Souls Spitted but Smiling kingdom,
My Secular love, Verdant and Vernal.
Lights of joy in mosques and temple,
Candles burn in twilight of Swards
Jocund flowers, love ample,
Hail any brave from the vales of Shepherds.
Mirrors of my nation, poets and saints,
Songs for achievers and glorious rainment,
Still my Soul, Speaks and Savours
Achievements of my nation.
Standing Himalayas our Sole Statement,
We are the nation of Secular mirrors,
Dear Seers, Sages and lovers.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Bridges of Hopes

Bridges of hope, beautiful dreams,
Silvered clouds, glory of angel,
Rules no inglorious, sans sins,
Look beyond as it seems,
Keeps God glorious Vigil.
My prince of politics harbours no love,
Martyred Souls, martyrdom now.
Oh! Sing my priest church carols,
Worshippers worship in beautiful masque,
Hymns are sung in temple of Souls,
Sunny days in the sun rays bask,
Patriots of nation glory,
Lay down lives dearly, dearly,
Not for territory or Sovereign independence,
But for mansion of lark and dove,
Glorious prince as a prince of love,
Golden heart, adorned patience,
Bleeding, bleeding, bloody Mary,
Night in gales of red roses never tarry.
Seventy Saints of seventy empires,
Reform emperors, reforms governors,
Reignite my lord our dead Souls,
When the golden bells will knoll,
Advent of joy for island and atoll.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Glory of Saints or a grace of God,
Freedom from fear and nights not dark.
Pray our Saints in the caves of Sward,
Lord, lord our almighty Lord.
Poets write "love" on the birches lark,
Forsake Swords, oh, my children of race,
Saints and Sages love not bloodshed,
Venice of love with golden base,
Armoury of steadfastness and perseverance,
Noble Souls noble Stations,
No curfew calls or a Stern prince,
Glory, glory to my beloved's Venice

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Two Souls

Two Souls of sweet love,
Monastic skylark or delirious dove,
Brooding beloved of my night gay,
White flowers dear say,
Come 'yee' two souls to my monastery,
Sermons a lot grace and glory.
One soul as burning like Nero's Rome,
Martyred rose beside red flame,
Broken mirrors dusted dome,
Fugitive love, beauty's fame,
Two souls of shepherd's song,
Pebbles, Stones and muddy bars,
Jilted envoys and jealous cassocks,
Come two lovers to my dill and dale,
On the wings of clouds, angels Sail,
Another soul as an ocean of love,
Throne of diamonds, peacocks dance,
Gates of palaces, Throw open now,
Swooning lovers or cup lids trance.
Two Souls, a red Sea,
Twilight Suez, candles in Sinai,
Rome is far away from Greece,
Marked priestess, marked priest,
Holy light as they see,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Arabian travellers look no weary.
Plucked Souls but not Seized,
Alive lovers, lovers deceased.
Two Persian tapers of the glory of Kosraean,
Light glorious of the night of Kashan,
Himalayan Serenity, Babylonia tempers,
Rise, rise wells and springs of love,
Flow of tears, or Soaring high prayers,
One as sky lark and another as dove.
Oh! Cruel love two martyred Souls,
Death adorned and Sacred Shrouds,
Last bell in reverence knolls,
Faithful love, faithful crowds,
Hang. On beatitude two mirrors,
Gifted are two lovers,
Serenity and Sacredness of Semitic love,
This as a country of skylark, and dove.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Moon of Bedouins

Shepherds of steppes or highland Cossacks,
Darts, blows of inglorious times,
Pebbles, stones or craggy rocks,
Short span, sins and crimes,
Where are they whom I loved?
My unfair fate my fleeting beloved,
Dear souls of my love untold,
Seven sisters of milky path ways
Stars are not bought or sold,
Sacred candles of light gay,
Come serenity of my religious love,
Secular is world of night in gale and dove,
This garden of joy and sacred peace,
Blessings come piece by piece,
Love nightingale, my valley's Songs,
Tulip Smiles, lotus smiles,
To the soul of spring she ever belongs,
An anguished lover never cries.
Saint of Olympia With an ancient flame,
Beauty of Greece, beauty of Rome,
Oh! Nineveh of my Babylonic love,
The river Tigris or Euphrates the river of fame,
Oh! Nativity where is yours home.
Himalayan peaks, skylark or dove,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Beloved souls of seers and Saints,
Lives my beloved in the city of Nejad,
Caravans of camels and the ringing of bells,
Moon of Bedouins fair but frigid.
Thebes drinking on the sweetest wells,
Beauty alone as a gift of God,
A holy light in a holy heart.
No earl no knight, no duchess or lord,
Dare steal love, shimmering and hot,
Oh! Crown glory, Throne Serene,
Songs written by talented souls',
Coin of beloved is Sacred and sheen.
City bells gladey knoll.
Welcoming the caravans old,
From the deserts of moon or the Sun's soul,
World of beauty is a World whole.
To your princesses, silver and gold.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Majesty

Golden bells of church of my love,
Fly across in sky eagle and dove,
On a flight of harmonious my sky lark,
Bright stars in an azure sky,
My beautiful beloved with eyes dark,
Oh! Gulf of cidra's pearl shy,
Shines, Shines my Solitary moon,
Lingering love will lurk soon,
Behind the Swooning clouds my Lord,
Value angels, they hidden beauty,
Love is a bushfire, twilight in Sward,
Light of a soul of sacred nativity.
Oh1 masque of my sainthood prayers,
Trickle down tears they never tarry,
My Arabian song my fragrance of deserts,
I am thirsty but not weary,
Come to my hearts beautiful vale,
Oh! Red rose of my radiant dale.
I have sung too much in love,
Travelled, travelled under Arabian sky,
New age, new themes now,
Change never glories of skylark and dove,
Grace me with your Sweetness and smile,
Flows still the Blue Nile,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

My white Himalayan towering tops,
Speak of monasteries and stupas,
Glacial love and cool waters,
Melts joy alas, alas.
Hostily, hostily the stars shine,
Night of glory in eyes thine.
Oh! My love of hundred days,
Ancient fame or ancient flame,
Burns my soul with sun's rays,
Who to blame? Why to blame?
Love innocent and not a sin,
Royal empires know no kith and kin,
Blood, blood and unsheathed sword,
My love is my holy word.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Vanity

Bless me lord with love and light
Thy, desire, volition and knowledge,
I seek sainthood, thy glorious sight
Release me from temptations cage.
Hard work is a gibrator rock
Tower lights, Ships or Sailors,
Golden key for a golden lock,
Success adorn artisans and Swimmers.
Bless me lord with an angelic soul
For a period of love in a watery a toll
Ship of life amid thousand crags
Numerous Sailors with a single compass
See towards sea shore who one awaits,
Royal death, alas alas.
Never boast of waterly pearls
Pious sunshine is a pious mind
Thy, lust like snake ever curls
Around the crowns of the royals unkind
Oh! Life is a lake filled with tears.
Of saints forgotten and jelted lovers
Bless me God with passions and wisdom
And kindness to kindle 'they' flame
Ethereal kings love ethereal fame
I seek, yours beloved kingdom

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Fame or wealth, gold or Silver.
Countries inglorious with beautiful woman
Man of thought or a faithful lover
Ever shines with the book and pen,
Dust to greed 'Oh 'my beloved,
Behold, funeral and gloomy crowd,
Vanish emperors and empires beneath stars
Soul's kind Serve beatitude
Of prophetic love and race of aptitude
Women, women, 'Oh 'wealth of Troy
What remained of ancient Greece?
Mesopotamia or princess coy.
Ruins of civilizations or pilgrimed bees.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Scholar Gipsy

My Scholar gipsy a verse of glory,
Sweetness, my Shade of hermitage,
Traveller, oh weary traveller,
Scholar gipsy on loves pilgrimage.
I met with her in golden woods ,
Two Scented Souls of sainthoods.
There were flowers and shepherds,
A cool breeze moved her hair,
We ware alone in seclude Swards,
Glared love in a pearl and tear
Her eyes were blue and martyred lips,
Loveliness encased in fresh tulips,
Savana's sainthood or a pearl sky,
Murmur of prayers, hidden mineral,
Beautiful born is to beautiful die.
Scholar gipsy a beauty athereal.
She was intellectual of European race,
I have read my poems face to face,
And warbled nightingale my love's tale,
Oh! Sweetness of my vale.
Cities of Venice, Zurich or Venice,
Arabian deserts or Khourasan,
Dear to princess, Dear to prince,
What attracted 'they' beauty to Hindustan?

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Golden cities, Silvery waters,
Homeless are high standing lovers.
There is civil love in advanced cities
Of Spirittual Himalayan valleys,
Glorious gaiety my golden gipsy,
For a verse she forgot fondling Europe,
Warmth of love made her tipsy.
She drank nector from golden cup
It was a momentary joy of love
Flew in sky, skylark and dove,
Adieu, adieu to Scholar gipsy
After a festival of tears and mirrors
She wore cloths of simple presidency.
My love was Plato, She a beloved nymph,
She praised much, my vales Solitude,
Soul to soul did beauties slip
In times mortal beautitude,
Away she went in a ship by sea,
Never to meet never to see,
Taste high 'oh' esteemed lovers

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Ode to Nightingale

Stop singing 'oh 'nightingale,
MY body is frail and soul ailing,
There was a time in a golden vale,
In a moon light when lovers were loving,
It is a garden desolate,
For a glorious visage still I wait,
Indifferent to your melodious voice,
Golden boughs create no taste,
Venice of beauty looks no nice,
You are in haste, I am in haste.
Deep sunk eyes and bleeding heart,
Nature calls me a wandering bard,
My diseased soul, your sweet songs,
Flow of tears, your fountaining harmony,
Beautiful love, sans sin or wrong,
To beauty's custody ever I belong,
That anniversary, this ceremony.
Oh! Addressee of the race of my nation,
Console me and create an inspiration,
Useless your beautiful songs,
Oh! Nightingale of my vale,
No arousing of my poets,
No awakening of delirious sonnets,
Thousand sins, thousand wrongs,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

In love there is no law or tenent,
Monastic sadness her glorious sight.
Teach my children patriotic songs,
To inherit earth for a beautiful race,
If she is away still she belongs,
To Mary's sainthood, glory and grace,
Tears of faithful never go waste.
Oh1 nightingale oh! Flowers muse,
Oh! Envoy of Eden, Oh! Medicine of love,
Far, far away in the court of Zeus,
Arrows struck my sky lark and dove,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Shepherd

Hear me 'Oh 'prince of vales,
Oh! Standing soul of solitude of dales,
Teach me; teach me 'thy 'monastic love,
Or Secrets of harmony of sky-lark and dove,
Child of mountains shepherd, shepherd,
Thy word of hills, song of a bird,
Streams reflect your ancient love,
Soul of Aschyleus in lark and dove,
Grace of Shepherd is a grace of Sophocles,
Prince of valleys, prince of tyrus.
Noisy brooks or mountainous springs,
Oh! Shepherd of Tigris and Euphrates,
Calling you the. Himalayan woods,,
Silent saints of summer and spring,
From morning till evening, this shepherd sings,
Melodious songs of maids love,
Joy of Solon or wisdom of Socrates,
Golden heart with a golden lute,
Shepherd, shepherd of golden woods,
He is a muse, musical mute,
For God's sake sing now,
Joyous song for oppressed souls,
Far, far away sacred bell knolls,
Times glories of your valley,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Dawn of beauty, God of monastery,
Call me 'Oh 'shepherds to your hut,
Day is gone it is twilight.
The castles are closed; the city gates are shut,
It is a glorious sight; it is a glorious night,
Shepherds Company is a lord's company,
Where thirsty drinks a cup of nectar,
Like ancient shepherds of desert Sinai,
Spreads tabernacle my sainthood's sage,
Shimmering sands of golden age.
Feeds manna to souls hungry,
Oh! Pearls, pearls to be for Hector,
Thy! Simplicity of sage and shepherd,
Regaling of woods revellery of Eden's bird,
You sit on rocks, you sit on pebbles,
There the prince loves scabbard and sword,
Thy realm of thought of golden realms.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Love

Better be a Saint in love,
Glad is sky lark, glad is dove.
Love me (Oh) gentle Soul,
Bells of festival still knoll.
Love is hermit's high hermitage,
Standing Augustus in shrine of flowers,
Come pilgrims for pilgrimage
Burns a candle,
It glimmers, and flickers.
Teach me love 'how, to weep,
For beloved's heart, sacred and deep.
One lovely look one worthy song,
From my beloved and nightingale,
Glorious pathways how sweetly long,
Above her castle clouds sail.
Love is a bliss and beauty's Beautitude,
She never Scorns me in Solitude,
Hesitate tears to flow freely,
Two souls anguished but love dew-drops,
Hail, hail, oh, heavens grace and, glory
Tapers of light but smiling hopes,
Ever smiling love's-vale
Light glory flickering, flickering,
Expanse of sands, sandy, sands,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

The sun, the moon, the stars are moving,
Toward sight glorious, glorious,
They move at axis, they move in orbit,
To seek, to search to see, thy sight,
Flickering, flickering love's light,
Burns a candle or beloved's soul,
Love is terrestrial, love is celestial,
Stars and travellers in the silence of night,
All are bequeathed to the grand light.
Weary love, oh, hot and glacial,
Monastic, glorious and gracious,
Love stays in the soul of flower,
Beauty, beauty, of beloved and lover,
Love is a good hope for sailors of ships,
It bacons sea mermaids to the shores,
We are born to live and to die.
Hail, thy, lips, that speak for love,
Come glory and adorn folklores,
Fragrant roses or painted lips.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Highway Man

High way man, oh, highway man,
Prince of pleasure, prince of pain.
Will you not return to the woods?
And sit besides surging streams
There are shepherds, saints and poets
The leafy cathedral of thousands abbots
Saintly calls from virgin woods
Oh! highway man, oh, highway man
Robbery is a sin and shame
You to blame or society to blame
Kings and Queens in their palaces
Nobles stay in their forts
Now extinguished are thousand lights
Synonymous with ways and stations
Still burn, candles at thousands places
You steal rich of undue riches
And wipe out tears of virgin shy
You kill Sybil and sorcery's bitches
Yours cry is a sainthood's cry
High way man, oh, high way man
Blot, blot on your reputation
Gallantry of a gallant soul
Seek love and no temptation
Saint of poor perfect and whole

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Still, still, sure and still
You are a fugitive of court and love
Now return to dale, return to dill or, to the
assembly of peacock and dove
There is saintliness in your eyes
Oh! High way man of my times
Alas, alas this state of snobs
Snobbery of greed for gold
There the widow sings and sobs
Tyrannical times but tyranny is old
Highway man, oh, high way man
Foolhardiness but judges are sane
You cannot decoy law
And constabulary chases you ever
In spirituality there is no flaw
Lives glory lives for ever
High way man, oh, highway man
Burn the lights for eternal fame
Love and law and gospel of truth
These will change the minds and states
No violent pain no inglorious shame
This highway man never hesitates
To burn the candle for his beloved Ruth

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

City of Srinagar

City of Srinagar, pride of Parvarsen,
Light of Asoka and Hyrum-sung,
Song of skylark and sweet pain,
Serene, beauty and songs sung
Oh! Himalayan. Dale or city of sun,
Shimmering beauty not a poetic pun.
This melody and our ancient pain,
Tapers of love bear no name.
Songs of souls go not in vain,
This is the city of flame and fame.
Exiled lovers last refuge;
Beneath the sky this city huge.
Martyrs and poets abode,
Living individuals can not afford.
Poverty of love for dills and dales,
Sabbatical is the beauty of vales.
Dear city and flows river Jhelum,
Tasselled bridges and sun shine joy,
Srinagar or our Himalayan Jerusalem,
This is the city or east's Troy.
Rome of shrines or pilgrimed Saints,
Beloved live in their castles,
Candle weeps and passionate lover wears
On river-lands for martyred hazzelles.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

This is my song of my soul and heart,
These winged passions from where I bought.
Its beauty is sung by seers and saints.
Saints sacerdotal sane plaints.
There is an anthem in every flower,
Floats music in morning rain shower.
Oh1 glory of lord I am your worshipper,
Think me not your beauty's traitor.
When invaders came, I saintly sang,
Patriotic psalms of Jerusaleum,
Liberty, liberty the bells rang,
Freedom of poets or waters of river Jhelum.
Pilgrim towers or stony temples,
There are mausoleums of medieval Sufis,
Watery eyes, oaths and angles,
City of Srinagar of infinite beauties.
You live in songs, you live in prayers,
Oh! Soul of ruins and martyrs.
Candles still burn in defence of love,
This perfume of beloved lark and dove.
Smouldering love, sparkles kindle,
Flame of revolution in a soul of poet,
Not of enmity but of flowers fragrance,
Human souls and nature humble,
Saints give us medicine and light,
City of Srinagar not of warriors,
This is an abode of worshipping lovers,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Potters Maid
(Krala-Koor)

Are you a maid or honour's joy?
Oh! Beautiful maid of my soul,
This beauty or sunshine Troy,
Hasten passions this is sweetness whole.
Hermes or hounded Hecuba,
This fall and decline of Rome of love,
Oh! glory of the Castle of Elia,
This unknown princess of skylark and dove.
These pots of the humblest clay,
More valuable than golden urns,
The moon, the sun, night and day,
Thy, muddy taper of glory burns.
Pearls or the tears of love,
This eastern grace or skylark and dove.
Now it is twilight and sorrel horizon,
Poets walk in Princess Dream,
Oh! Monastic beauty of potter's maid,
Grace, my soul's shrine and saint.
Glances love with exuberant plaint.
This voyage love is ever way-laid,
By the robbers in the republic Roman,
In the Inn of love, beneath sky-seven
Oh! Time potter's wheel of glory,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Ignoring her grace or her beauty,
There are woods and rural calls,
Potters maids, muddy emeralds,
Beauty shines, beauty heralds.
Potter's hut of seventy saints,
Sun of spirituality or tabernacle,
This freedom of God without manacles,
Beauty beggaring without plaints.
Beloved besotted or blithe oracle.
She is a saint prisoner in shackles.
Oh! Liberty of love, soul of a maid,
Let me write with a rural pen,
Ten sonnets of solon great,
In a castle of Solomon with sheeba's attention.
Announces God beauty of maid.
Heavens have paid, continents have paid
Potter's wheel or maid's dove,
Serene Civilization in stones and senates,
She is a religion and synod whole,
Wears no crown but possesses soul.
Harmony or skylark's love,
Call her glory of saints and states.
No princess of state can match her beauty,
She is virgin sacred of Lord,
Oh! my heavens, her oath and duty,
Angels bathe her soul and heart.
She is the east and west of gold,
Or the burning taper of love,
Flames sun and nostalgia old,
She is the state and authority now.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Sole Dear
(Aka-Nandun)
Composed on the hero of ancient Kashmir

Legends speak, folklores say,
Tell tale of tinkling love,
Gift of saints a martyr's ray,
Song of skylark and sonnet of dove.
Sole dear or a song lover
Beautiful soul's mirror martyr.
A sole dear of Brahman worshippers,
Prince of springs, lakes and rivers.
Faithfull calls it martyrdom of Islam,
Tempers becalm, stars becalm.
Fever of love or coolness of martyr
Rising revolutions of my vale,
Lives in a temple ours young saint,
A soul shimmery of dill and dale,
Thy! Secular love no orthodox plaint.
Took him Brahmans to a nearby pool,
Mothers wailed, sisters wailed,
Beloved swords or assassination of lovers,
Along with clouds our passions sailed.
Test for worshippers or a testament cool
Nectar of love in a marbled pool
Blood of skylark substituted,
Flight of dove, thy, peace mooted.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Martyr sole dear reclaimed,
Living martyrdom-of pligrimed fame,
This is the love or rebirth renamed,
Oh! Saint or martyr of golden flame.
He lives in woods; he lives in our souls,
Green of our vegetative love,
He gives us spirit, when sole bell knolls,
Embalm his, wounds of skylark and dove.
Maids of honour sing sweet songs,
For Homer of our pledged Troy,
Mirror glimpse, or generation belongs,
To race beatitude or saint coy.
He is a maudlin of the music of springs,
Or glorious bride-groom of the fairies,
This fairytale of the queens and kings,
Soul liveried of lotuses glories.
Bridal songs, he warms up our souls,
Twilight or moonlit forests,
Our tower light hope or greenwood calls,
Oh! Humble shepherd of our sheep,
There is a religion in maid's carols,
Thousand shrines, thousand lights,
Slaughtered love and a wound deep,
Honored shepherd is mild and meek,
Inherited he, glory of empire,
Oh! Monarchical soul of time sleek,
Legendary prince or a song dear.

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Mosque

My pilgrim soul lives in a mosque,
Listen to me 'oh' Sybil of darkness,
This is an empire of sacred glory,
Sermons in stones, state's beauty.
Angels ask, poets ask,
Lovers of its, pilgrimed loveliness.
This is a mosque of our Islam,
Worshippers worship, the glory of Lord,
Minds calm, souls calm,
Reigns sainthood in the shrine and sward.
Oh! Priests of our glorious love,
These are minarets of sacred lovers,
Perch 'atop' skylark and dove,
They bathe in glory of morning rain- showers.
Mosque or the poets of the east,
Standing office or, stones of Greece,
Martyrs are but martyrdom least,
These Arabian souls never freeze.
Let west call it a mosque of glory?
Of beauty of worshippers, skylarks and doves,
This beautitude of universal beauty,
Even Gabriel loves, God loves.
Mirrors, martyrs and mosque of Hussain,
Only skylarks know love's pain,

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Nineveh or the dills and dales,
Call of prayers and Satan wails.
The greatest mosque of Arabian perfume,
The glory of sun, the grace of moon,
Lotus of the worshippers shyily blooms,
Oh! Majesty's majestic noon.
Glittering minarets, glittering domes,
Mosques of Medina, Jerusaleum or Koufa,
A lot of glory of beloved Islam,
Songs of our souls or sweetness of Gloria,
Moon of Arabia or Arabian perfume.
Sands chastised, singing Bedouins,
Thy, empire of martyrs, eagles assume,
Thousand lovers, thousand moons.
Dear mosque of our dear Islam,
Tales of swords or tales of saints,
Love universal, there is no bedlam,
Sainthood heart, thy, soul creates.
Syrian or Palestinian cities,
Basks sun in the glory of martyrs,
Hail our mosques, Lord's glories,
Wake up whelkins by the wailing worshippers.
Twilight, tale of translucent love,
Burning souls of beloved sentiments,
Ethereal mosque of skylark and dove
Souls of saints or sky ward emotions.

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Mother

Composed on the death of my mother

By the hill side this watering hole,
Flow nectar waters in a stream,
Source of serenity, mother's soul,
Milk or blood her soul's theme.
This is martyrdom of moth and candle,
Rome or Greece burns in flame,
Pilgrims of soul or martyrs of a battle,
From cradle to grave 'only' mother's fame.
Call him devotional Joan of arc,
Or wounded lovers Florence of nightingale,
Or soothing sky's songster skylark,
Mother's beauty of dill and dale.
Sacred shyness or sainthood smile,
In your teaching revolves revolution,
Saint martyrs or poets of the Nile,
Mother's soul are sun's station.
That was time and fall of my Rome,
Oh! Saint Augustus, this decline of Greece,
She was for me Mesopotamia of love,
Lark of Nineveh or dove of Tigris.
Without tomb stone, epitaph or dome,
My mother's grave is a naked universe,
I light one candle and burn my verse,
A fairly tale of my Hindustan,
Princess stay near springs,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Or oracle of Delphi of Queens and kings,
Oh! Priestess of prayers of dawn.
Winter roses or snowing of sorrows,
Elegies or poetic prose,
Time Egyptians, oh, pyramids of pharaohs,
Dust and ruins, nay, blooming of rose.
Mother beloved of the fame of Nile,
The river of patience, pilgrim royal,
There is a mother, there is a mosque,
Prince of beauty, be ever loyal,
No hesitation but perform your task.
This is my spring without nightingale,
No song of cuckoos no joy of dales,
Withering buds and dry sorrows.
Oh! garden of my life without roses,
Sorrows, alas, tombs of pharaohs,
Oh! My folk of seers and sages,
These hearses of martyrs, these hearths of shepherds,
Love burns in the souls of patriots.
This is the mother of thousand Saints,
Paradise lies at her glorious feet,
Knowledge there are humility of sheep,
Sits She in a glorious seat.
There is an empire in her dreaming sleep,
Mother universe, Oh, mother saint,
Glory of church, oh, grace of mosque,
This beautitude and I was `too' late,
In my service, in my task,
Heavens have shrouded her soul,
This milky path, this sun whole.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Guest

"Composed on the death of my brother"

Native is not this republic of love,
Exiled fraternity of skylark and dove.
Absalom or a dawn of funerals,
Glory of tragedies or breaking of pearls.
Death is a compeer of bleeding soul,
Festival of church or bells knoll.
Funerals of the status high,
For infant souls, even heavens cry.
Time, Oh, Bedouins, Arabian sands,
Songs of worshippers in synagogues and mosques,
Guest of earth and host of heavens,
He is there with Lord and angels.
This masked death comes with skylarks,
Leaves heartbroken and temple shattered.
Where are you my oh, priest dove ?
I am now aged still aging now.
Soul flew to the shrine of skylark,
To azure sky or station of rock,
Fill my tears this ocean dark,
My sorrows talk, my shadows walk.
This separation of unmeasurable love,
Collect in oysters or in urns of Dove,
Pearls of my tears, heavenly sought,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

My soul singed my summers hot.
To blue sky, or, kingdom of skylarks,
Navy blue or deaths of sailors,
My vacant song, one dear angel harkens,
He is not there among travellers.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Saint of Rocks

Ethereal song of an eather of sky,
Star of sky or a saint of rocks,
Inspiration, martyrs never die ,
This commandment of eagles and hawks.
Songster of earth, priest of sky,
Blithe beloved of lover's beautitude,
I feel no guilt, I feel no shy,
Naked beauty like goddess nude.
There is sweetness in your song,
Oh! Saint of rocks to you we belong.
Sky not earth is your Troy,
There lies Greece on a pathway of sky,
Angels never decoy, times never destroy,
Saint patriots or mausoleums high.
Fly, fly 'Oh 'saint of rocks,
To gay, to grace and to the glory of sky,
Oh! Sweetness of sonnets and songs,
Martyrs inspired for nations die.
My native rocks and alien stars,
Borrowed shyness and gifted love,
Imbibes my soul, song of skylark,
Never exiled is my saint of rocks.
Oh sweet saintliness of spiritual saint,
Shrine among rocks built too late,

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Flight of glory of white winged senator,
Still it is not late for beloved and lover.
Worshipping letters of love predators,
Saint of songs, sage of lovers.
It rests upon rocks beneath the sky,
Of humane races this nector giver,
Elixir drenched is its soul,
Seven skies without a goal.
Oh! humanity's senator lover,
Give us 'thy 'song of religious tolerance,
Sanctified soul of forbearance,
Light of heavens or saint of rocks,
Martyred love and songs of martyrs.
There is no epistle or epitaph of love,
It lives and dies like skylark and dove
My Saint of rocks is my ancient glory,
Remindes me of Urr and hummarabhi,
This code of light from earth to heavens,
Bliss of martyr to seven kingdoms.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Infant Flower

Composed on the death of my nephew

Aeschylus called him to the glories of sky,
Or skylark called him to the city of rocks,
He was an infant but mountain shy,
Death walks even life walks.
An infant flower of native vale,
Little bloomed, away clouds sailed,
His heavenly death, mine tears hail,
On his departure even mermaids wailed.
Seraph or an emerald of love,
Weep 'still 'skylark and dove.
False prophetess this time inglorious,
Pessimism of my dipping soul,
Exhilirating my hope, hilarious,
Still I hear bells knoll.
Shimmery was his Sainthood face,
Stunned my soul, I stood on terrace,
Test of patience or funeral tears,
Oh! God I am not a formidable Saint,
Time flows, or river of prayers,
Departed little Saint without plaint.
There is no marble or a tomb-stone,
One funeral rose or I alone.
On Smiling face, thy, last sun shone,
He was an infant of blood and bones,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Death glorious, roses and thorns.
To an angel of death, no one is unknown.
Calls innumerable, season of norms.
In a city of rocks there live sky rocks.
Sainthood joy for souls departed,
My body walks, my soul talks.
Even pebbles on the shore narrated,
Tragedy of a tear, or song or pearl,
Crown awaits love's cradle awaits
This louts soul of a spring earl.
Ethereal is this prayerful song,
Of the poet Ether to whom we belong.
Joy of twilight and gleam of sky,
Eyes not opened and tinkling shy.
Has he gone to kingdom of bliss?
For a love adorned of wailing mistress.
He was a child of ours dawn,
Lasted this glory not a full time,
Meditarrean sea rocks or shores of Lebanon,
Wailing waters or sorrows of sand time.
Rainbow love or, Soul's sunshine,
Little saint without sin or crime,
One martyr in the martyrs line,
Oh! Death it was his spring time.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Song of Sorrows and Joy

This revolutionary death or rebirth of renaissance,
In a desolate garden, never roses bloom,
Time inglorious or mirror of Venice,
Rome of sun rays or senators room.
Thy, light of love will soon prevail,
Over cathedrals of skylark and dove,
Song of sorrows or Sainthood's tale,
Oh! martyrs gospel of love.
I seek 'thy 'soul of sweet harmony,
To make wet these sandy sands,
Tears of sorrows or songs of glory,
This poetry of nomads or poetry of saints.
This glorious death in a court of beloved,
High stone walls of governate's prison,
Tribunals, for whom I loved,
Song of nightingale, my poetry lesson.
This martyred rose of martyrdom of love,
Blood stains on my beloved prose,
Light of harmony of skylark and dove,
Thy, poet now waits for nightingale and rose.
Returns of sufferers to the joy of vale,
Freedom or this urn of sorrows,
Martyrs or rebirth of heroes.
This brotherhood is our ancient tale,
Taste of liberty we now cherish,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Races of poets, never perish,
Dills wait, dales wait,
Maids wait, shepherds wait.
Upon the silent graves of martyrs,
Times weep, skylark weep,
This land of poets, saints and saviours,
Outburst of songs in a glorious sleep.
This my vale or lover's garden,
Here beloveds often pardon.
This martyred love or beloved freedom,
We are destined to hear love songs,
Our martyrs of Sovereign kingdom,
Cry not souls for sorrows of lovers
Who plucked this rose before a song,
Sins or purified Showers
To humanity and love, we all belong
Plucking off innocent flowers,
Cry not souls of jilted lovers,
Song of sorrows or a spring of volitions,
Winter of roses is now gone,
Pale moon or an autumn of passions,
Discontent of sorrows is an age bygone.
This state of my lover's church
Often I feel melancholy and feverish
Our sufferers or suffering tale,
December roses even bloom in Snow,
Blessed are the souls of my vale,
Thy, hatred they never know.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Ode to Abdul Ahad Azad

He sought a vale without fear,
Blooming of flowers in glory,
Poems he wrote on a vale dear,
Soul of a revolution, that poet revolutionary.
Was, he , really a liberated soul?
Poet of mountains, skylarks an dove,
No skylight no church bells knoll,
Sinner knows, every saint knows.
He was a poet of martyr and saint,
A rose glory without complaint.
Brute force, burden and bondage,
Poverty or passion twilight,
No joy or a candle light.
There was no festival no farewell or fanfare,
No songs of love for maids to hear.
Valley of suffering, this seer, this sage.
Ended bondage and met beloved,
Egyptian lovers who she loved.
Martyrs roll call but no mausoleum,
Oh! shrines of saints, silent and serene
Sufferings or Sinai tale, lights,
This eagle believes, soul sky believes,
Poet exiled of my vale.
Suffering light of dark nights.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Taper burning or an ode of love,
Light glorious walks now.
A poet patriot of passionate vales,
Golden sonnets or goodness of liberty
Fly skylark this is our glory.
Restless flower of dills and dales.
He gave songs to mountains larks,
He wrote psalms on birch tree barks.
A poet restless of rumbling waters ,
A river of songs for heroes and martyrs.
Wrote, thy, poet in the realm of independence,
Soul of our sultanate passion.
He loved, thy, empire of love ,
For a mirror of beloved and skylark,
This is a mausoleum of our poet,
Light revolution, for nights dark,
We burn our candles with soul's light.
Skylarks wept, doves wept,
Blessed soul for ever left,
This unsung garden of wounded vale,
Our sorrows or, our's blessed tale.
Blessings of this poetic revolution,
This civilization, this ancient nation,
Obituary to our poet, is, love
Souls wounded speak now

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Glory

I seek my secular, spiritual mosque,
This is my temple, tintillating throne,
For kingdom which poets ask,
God alone, angles alone,
Eye emerald, dark and deep,
Reflects glee, reflects joy,
Emperesses and shepherdesses weep,
When burns hillside and burns Troy.
Sing my beloved one song of love,
Away is magistrate, away is now.
Larks and poets are born in Rome,
Of regency dome of rock,
Jerusaleum of martyrs belongs to whom,
Asks, thy, falcon, asks ,thy, hawk.
Rosebed ,blood and thorn,
Glittering swords and war songs,
In this madness one poet is born,
To purify souls, to right the wrongs.
Listen to me ,oh, love's magistrate,
This my song not for marbles and mirrors,
Taste of poesy in the glory of state,
Of sages, lovers, shepherds and martyrs.
This my mirror of beautiful sonnets
Passionate are my vale's poets.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Desolate bells ring in desolate gardens,
Autumn leaves and grief festival,
Pale moon my soul hardens,
There is a procession and lovers funeral,
Burns this light in a hut of shepherd.
For glory of pen not glory of sword.
Oh! Lark and poet of miseries,
There is no rose there is no nightingale,
Those beloved eyes still see,
Time inglorious and magistrate's vale.
Shattered glasses and broken mirrors,
On the hillside love's maids wail,
Burning palaces or unknown martyrs,
This is our passionate skylark's tale.
Oh! my temptation like vale,
Wait, wait my vale's Queen,
For our king and kingdom clean.
This roll call never we miss,
Exuberant souls or sun star,
Emperors of empress love,
There is no check, there is no bar,
Oh! exhilirating mind, desolate soul,
Love, thy, church love and bells knoll.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Song of a Nation

Love not mausoleums, skylark and dove,
Stands shrine of my nation's love,
We know only how to do or die,
In the sacred graves our martyrs lie,
Oh! civilization's our sacred fire,
Flames of love or songs or odes,
Station adorned, station higher,
Oh! my sward of melodious notes.
There is a love in the kingdom of Himalaya
Song of a nation my soul's temptation,
Bells of love or beloved's patience,
My garden of Solomon, or song of Elia,
Saints love the moon of Arabia.
Poets write, thy, songs on Jerusalem
Tales of Nile or Tales of Jhelum
There was Alexander, there was Porus,
Arab warriors those battlefields,
Time, oh, past, Alas Cyrus and Titus
Oh! Darius of patriotic love.
Learn patriotism from skylark and dove
Martyrdom of a glory of a mirror
Spark, flash, this beloved, this mirror
Loveliness, oh, nations my morning song,
Mirrors of beauty to patriots belong.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Soul of a martyr shines now,
Song or a sword of love.
There is no festival of imperialism,
Now freethinkers individualism.
By the grace of mighty Lord,
This poet, this savant, this wandering bard.
There is no falsehood in oath of love,
In the sky tribunal of lark and dove.
Wanders about my nation's lover,
In the realms of joy of ancient Troy,
One who sings, one who love's,
To memorise ,thy, ancient song,
Of Queen's skylark of beloved martyr
Ah! Funeral and festival of joy.
Oh! Aryan race to you we belong.
Ancient love, these tempers never cool,
This temptation of candle's love,
Do or die this beloved rule,
Burning passions of skylark and dove.
This martyrdom of smiling morning?
Death of a Queen, death of a king.
Falcons never sleep on rocks,
Martyrs ever glow in heavens,
My nation of saints and hawks,
Radiates now our glorious times.
Saints of glory feel now shy,
Why fore epitaphs when heroes die.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Neo Imperialism

Neo imperialism or African slaves,
Ignorant heavens, have nots or haves.
This modernity or time machine,
Looses spirituality its sheen.
Shining mirrors in the tyrants halls,
Weeping Queens or waterfalls.
Desolate are my Asian gardens,
Beauty stolen by European lords.
This butchery my soul never pardons,
Chained are enchanting bards.
Orientalists our God's slaves,
Occidentals or political knaves.
There is no focillation in the Western states,
Ours martyrs and their's pilates.
Blood of a martyr on a shroud of Turine,
This is my masque or a cathedral of love,
This dome of a rock or a sainthood clean,
Soul synagogue skylark and dove.
There is no joy in Baghdad and Constantinople,
Dance of death and calls of Rome.
Dead is Augustus and his soul,
Shattered is my church dome.
Neo imperialism and no renaissance,

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This forward policy of white skinned races,
Falcons, hawks, eagles and doves,
All are dear races of love.
Blithe death and no blossoms,
This common sky of beloveds
Tears of daffodil and martyrs traces,
Intercede skylark and dove.
My temple and school of knowledge,
Poets born and saints born,
This is civilisation's superior age,
Give them rose without a thorn.
This is a symbol of our oriental love,
Sweet our souls and sacred our tears,
You have wounded our Skylark and Dove,
Still we mourn the nation's martyrs,
Tulips, daffodils and dew-drops of lotus,
Flowers my song for nation's love,
Live generations of the Souls blest.
These tulips are our mute mourners,
They write their songs by their hearts and soul,
Candle lovers or nation lovers,
Joy reveals and freedom's bell knolls.
Now this is an Asian age,
The Eastern sun, the Eastern sage.
Glory of Delhi, grace of Damascus,
Light will reglow in Kohkund and Shiraz.
No reign of Titus, no armies in Tyrus,
Liberty, liberty will be our cause.
Oh, colonies of colonialism,
Wake up from sleep and rise in revolution,

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Dear sweet blood of nationalism,
This martyrdom beloved nation.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Blue Star

Blue star in the sultanate of sky,
Shimmers shyily in the neighbourhood of stars,
Relic of love, oh, goddess shy,
There is peace, there are no wars.
This blue-rimmed territory of glory,
Speaks of love to the poets of valley.
Sainthood's sermons and martyrs songs,
One soul blessed rights thousand wrongs.
Soul of a martyr shines now,
Song or a sword of love.
Blue star of our heaven's of love,
Maiden twilight and maiden horizon,
Oh! ancient souls of skylark and dove,
Look towards the blue star,
Priestess of love nor Sybil of war.
Battles lost and battles won.
Symbol of love our beloved blue star,
Sceptred away, oh, kingdom of saints,
Where golden gates ever keep ajar,
Burning souls or thousand candles.
For arrival of souls of martyrs and lovers
In the moon light's sacred secrecy,
This is the fate of love's martyrs,
Oh! blithe blue star's harmony.
Descends glory from distant blue star,

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Saint of glory feels shy,
Heroes of beauty never die.
Pipes down this wanderer one song,
In spiritual religion there is no war,
White skinned race of doves,
Twilight of twinkling love.
Oh! inner bliss to you we belong.
Blue star or a mirror of an angel,
Resplendent our dale and dill.
One who sings, one who love's
Soul of a martyr shines now
Sacrifical beauty of this hostess of sky,
Beauty martyred, when beloveds die.
This glorious death of a blue star,
Awakens our souls after its rebirth,
Shroud of a saint or a shrine of a Tatar,
Oh! spirituality's your glorious mirth.
Shines blue star for the sake of peace,
Sweet souls of saintly beloveds,
Procession of skylarks, procession of doves,
Teach us blue star, thy, art of love,
Dedication and patience now.
Arouse passions by the beauty of blue star,
Time to love and time to hate war.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Ode to Shamas
(The Saint Poet)

Times Babylon, gloomy Euphrates,
Dust and ruins and Sand dunes of Nenevah,
Songs, songs, songs of love,
Church skylark and Baptist dove.
Waited no kings, waited no Queens,
They were all in hurry like sands,
Mirror of Solomon, mirror of Sheeba,
Broken glasses or castle ruins,
King of songs, our spiritual Saint,
Long-lived his empire of love,
We recited his songs and beloveds wait,
Beholden him to grace and glory,
Blissful light of beauty of valley,
For a glimpse harmonious of Skylark and dove.
The sun that shines in an emerald,
For cities of love, for cities of Lord.
He was a sun above Arabian deserts,
Shimmering Sources of sainthood songs,
Famous like Nile among rivers,
Commanded he falcons and hawks.
Lasting inspiration for future poets,
Oh! Divined soul of singing shores,
Songs spiritual or tower lights,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Time legends, time folklores.
Revealed he republic of regent love,
Oh! my garden's poet saint,
Times bestowed, skylark and dove,
He was a light of twilight late.
Regenerated our singed souls,
A spiritual nightingale of our glades,
Golden bell that ever knolls,
A seminary of love for spiritual saints.
Time Rivers never forget,
Nations tears and unsung martyrs,
This poet of our early sunset,
Lit 'thy' flame in the souls of lovers.
Graced he the mausoleums of the saints,
He sang before the saintly flowers,
Thy, glorious love sans plaints,
His spirituality of spiritual rain showers.
Times old for his martyred songs,
He blessed the souls of suffering wanderers,
A living soul to whom he belongs,
Oh! Beloved mirror of saints and lovers.
My Joy lives in the mirror of love,
That reflects ever 'thy' sainthood glory,
An inspiration that emanates now,
Poets of fame depart hastily,
To the climes of peacocks and cuckoos
Pools in the eyes and tears fall loose,
Into the urn of an ode of love,
Thy poet adorned, skylark and dove,
Sing now songs near the tomb of poet,

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Oh! Pilgrim, you are not late,
One candle of light, one glorious sight,
We too love, you never hate,
Rise now poet from your grave.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Martyr and Saint

Beauty pours down the sky,
On the company of flowers, martyrs and saints,
Beauty, beauty of my nation,
Songs of love and beloved imagination.
Coy shepherds and maids shy,
This moon martyr in the kingdom of clouds.
Martyr and saint of God's love,
This adorned mosque calls now.
Martyr, saint, shepherd and poet,
Martyrdom for light and bliss,
Glorious stars, glorious night,
On the lips of martyr this saint plants a kiss.
This is my beloved freedom garden,
Golden statue of Martyr.
For Spartan Joy and Roman love,
This revolution of Meditarrean shores,
Song of spheres, falcon and dove,
This levant skylark of state lovers.
Mirror never feels shy,
Rays of love of starry sky.
Message of a martyr, sermon of a saint,
Flight of a soul, flight of a song,
This sunshine of angels never waits,
Oh! Kenan of tears to whom I belong.
Oh! Jerusaleum of my jocund saint,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Times Euphrates never wait.
Call of a martyr, soul of a nation,
Descends glory from Jupiter and Mars,
This beloved love, our Lord's creation,
Great are poets and nation lovers,
This is not an age of blind wars.
Oh! Sweet lips and fragrant flowers
Speaks flowers in the glow of freedom
Love enters every pious soul,
Without permission or bells knoll.
To all the confirmed love's sages,
Of grace and glory of Greece and Spartan,
Call me not 'oh' tyrants and savages.
This valley of shepherds, saints and poets,
Beloved heavens, beloved tears,
Martyr, saint or sky high sights,
Blood drenched roses in rain showers.
Thy, love conquers all princes of battles,
Or, scepters away of countless kings,
This weary traveller in a desert sings,
Songs of the ballads of human love.
In the soul who ever creats,
Imaginations of Skylark and dove,
This is my valley of sacred tears,
Of pious men and pious woman,
Castles deserted or morose lovers,
Weary my soul but moves my pen,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Ode to Red Star

Radiant lover's rising red star,
Symbol of sacrifice and revolutionary war.
Oh! Oppressed of the native globe,
Faithful tears never rob.
Our scintilla of scintillating love,
Shines red star in the territory of dove.
Why fore, you weep 'oh' oppressed soul,
Learn new art from the school of Skylark,
Rising temptation, soul's bell knolls,
Red star 'nay' clouds dark.
You are a child of heaven's revolution,
Martyrdom 'yours, sole civilization,
Red star or bells of war.
There is no custom, there is no bar.
Maudlin martyr's 'oh' martyrdom,
Red star of my beloved kingdom.
Now rise and crusade against social evils.
This frightened delight of social devils.
To the testimony of rising red star,
Beckons love, beckons war.
Inner bliss our national faith,
Patriots in the sun rise bathe.
Divinity of love or empire of red star,
Spreads this song to the shores afar.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Hate swords or bells of war,
These bloody steppes or cries of Tartar.
Red horizon and sorrel bloodbath,
Tears and sighs of the oppressed poor,
This fiendish. Revolution or War bells knoll,
True revolution is, to cleanse one's Soul.
Red star and a milky path,
Oh! Syracuse our legend and folklore.
Rome or Greece our dear red star,
Senators ever debate origin of war,
Cultivation of inspiration by patricians and plebeians,
Song of natives or starry aliens,
Lead us on front 'oh' dear red star.
Shimmers above world's kingdoms,
There are not times to bleed or sleep,
What is your theme 'oh' bleeding star?
Red revolutionaries never weep.
Glory of peace or glory of war.
Listen to me 'oh' man of imagination.
I give a call to warriors nation.
For sacrifice in defence of law,
Without any hesitation without any flaw.
Conquer enemies with the medicine of love,
Balming skylark or wound of dove.
This is my song for red martyrs,
Against imperialism against exploitation,
Poets are your best saviours,
This poesy of love, this soul's temptation.
Martyrs or blithe beautitude,
Song of beauty or saints fortitude.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Red star our times revolution,
This is a birth and rebirth of a nation.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

An address to the Poets of Kashmir

Oh! Warbling nightingales of my enchanting vale
I am enamoured of dills and dales
Come beauty and songs hail
Beloved poets and beloved saints
Eden of joy or Jerusalem of tears
Hidden our beautiful and pool Bethesda
Here are mausoleums of lovers and martyrs
Beneath the rocks and among cidars,
We are fed up of endless wars.
Give us our joy or songs of Elija
Hearts of poets or Bible of love
Verses of Gita or revelations of book
Oh! poets of the skylark and dove
To empire of beauty now saints looks
Oh! poets of vale give us Joy,
Or inspire our gay nightingales,
Soul is like a flower coy,
Now return Joy to our vales.
This is an address to the sainthood glory,
Of singing souls and poets of valley.
Martyrs are in perpetual trance,
Glory death's glorious dance.
Freedom of verses, this poet skylark.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Dignity of pen or sacred birch bark.
Seek sovereignty for sweet birds,
Or Joy to our restless brooks,
Oh! Poets of love of my valley,
Verily write in golden words,
Songs of love, peace and glory.
Soul scriptures or sainthood books,
Where are our beloveds and saints?
Coy shepherds or woods maids,
Oh! Poets of my Himalayan vale,
Find them out in echo of songs,
Oh! my beauty of dill and dale.
This secular love with no complaints,
In chains is this poet Ezekiel,
Where is Babylon or king Cyrus,
No blood but Justice and mercy,
Oh! Poets of my gardens of flowers,
Seek out songs from yours souls,
Or epistles of love with heavens seal,
Yonder is moon, this conclave of lovers
Come my gaiety, grace and glory
Is it not the valley of poets?
Alas! Our shrines of saints and martyrs
Sing Joyous songs, when church bell knolls
Oh! Lord of heavens value our tears
Battered beloveds and fugitive love
Drunk glory, of skylark and dove.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Perfume State

Perfume state of fragrant roses,
Of beautiful gardens of beautiful streams,
Blossoms of blithe races,
Justice and mercy, kings and queens.
I seek this state in my beloved's mirror,
Perfumed soul, body and mind,
Divined blessing, oh, saint and martyr,
Time love and heavens kind.
This sovereignty of goddess liberty,
My bliss kingdom, my saint's wisdom,
Angelic love, angelic dukedom.
Naked love, on the shores of beauty.
Tower lights of the Joy glamour,
Sailors song, skylark and dove,
Perfumed state of beloved and lovers,
Its anthem is spiritual now.
Born race of future martyrs,
Tulip's joy or an empire of lotus,
Awakened souls or morning tears,
Sole civilization of saints blest.
This martyrdom of my martyr state,
Perfume or the blood smelling shrouds,
Dark eyes deep but devoutly wait,
For a glimpse of lord through clouds.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Sweet sirens or sermons of shy saint,
Or nightingale's songs for maids,
Iram of Joy ever comes late,
Nature of my state or freedom of shepherds.
Poets are born in the lap of nature,
This afterglow of the sunset of love,
Oh! Martyrs or lovers of stature,
My martyrs blessed state of skylark and dove.
Martyrs are born in the civilization of tears,
Bloody anthems or hyms of love,
Oh! sacred sacrifice of state lovers,
Beloved horizon of falcon and dove.
Descends harmony from heavens of love,
Faith of a citizen is a dutiful love.
This synod or shrine new,
Sanctity of a drop of dew
Skylark loves freedom of thought,
Heavens high, blessings a lot.
Dark destruction in a state of a war.
This perfume or sweet poison,
Peace elixir or waterfalls,
Beckons love a field and afar.
Now say adieu to sizzling wars,
Our souls live in the synod of stars,
Sweet anthems and constitutional love,
This perfumed persists for martyred rose,
My valley of tears of martyrdom,
Kingdom knows our Lord knows,
Moon of liberty shines seldom.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Bells never wait

Poets Writers and lovers state,
Stanzas and verses of love,
These statements of peacocks of dale,
Mountains of gold and silver,
All nothingliness before 'my' dears.
Dance pearls 'oh' martyrdom of a soul.
This architecture of the blood of soul,
Temple of love or empire whole.
Ring the bells new Joy now.
Beneath the Whelkins still we wait,
Happy are shepherds of my vale.
For they are the saints for weary travellers,
Their cups of love without a sale.
This blood sacrificial of my saviours,
Muddy vessels of milk and wine,
Some for saints, some for martyrs,
Nector of love in thin eyes,
At the alter of love only destined dies.
Bathed souls of state and shrine,
On the highland of grace stately shine.
This is a taste and toast of love,
Martyrs of vale, weep skylark and dove.
This my hard won kingdom of bliss,
This ink of scholars and blood of martyrs,
Smells an empire in beloved's kiss,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Thy! Glorious love my state's saviour.
Happy are the doves of dills and dales,
I am beholden to romantic souls,
Come my beloved and hear my song,
To yours glory I ever belong.
Glorious sainthood and glory to saints,
Sweet are the looks of love,
Beloved lark, beloved dove.
Beloved men are not on payrolls,
Sweet anthem of shine and spiritual roll call,
Bells never wait in the halls
Hay, busy flames sacred of fame,
Honours of love oh honorable state,
Martyrs all or heavens all.
This beauty may come soon or late.
Dance in breeze these romantic flowers,
This sovereignty of sage or saint,
There is a Joy in Jocund rain showers,
Near golden gates for a glimpse we wait.
Glimpse of love, grace and glory,
Spiritual civilization and high value,
Happy are thus poets of valley,
Beauty of souls is beatitude true.
I love my beloved's state of soul,
Her independence and canonized role.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Ode to Succhkral

Once there lived a sage in a shrine,
Hall of fame in woods and rocks,
He was eternity's eternal love,
Golden domes for skylark and dove,
Four empires still shine,
In the fullest glory of his songs,
Of simple soul divined poet,
Unmarked sky grace light,
He preached peace, love and brotherhood,
Like suffering saint of sandy Sinai,
Times old but times good,
His appearance was like an ancient Israeli.
Oh! my charming woods of valley,
Loveliness kindles in the songs of saints,
He was a soul of grace and glory,
Thy! Rose never expressed a pain.
Blood or sufferings, tears or sighs,
There was a God in his eyes.
Sacred memories and a sacred love,
Nation inspired and liberalism now.
No birds of Eden teach injustice,
Love of Arabia or the moon of Beersheba,
Kingdom of glory without any crisis,
Himalayan caves or sceptre of Elia.
He graced our cities, rivers and seminaries,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Poet an emerald of love,
Glorious landscape, glorious now.
He taught us wisdom, art and handicrafts,
Beauty poured from clouds of Sky,
An angel of love or pearl Shy.
Famous become our old monasteries,
Luxuriated our literature, love and arts.
People call him a saints of fame,
Thy soul fervid, feverish flame.
He was a potters republic of Joy,
Born spiritual like blessed spirit,
Ocean of love or a soul of Troy,
In realms of poetry are flames lit.
This poet saint was a hope of times,
He never bowed before a bragging lord,
Thy, fairest inspiration for future poets,
Simplicity was his grace of God.
Oh! poet of honey, milk and nectar,
You watered flowers of spiritual thought.
Sweet streams or a song of a martyr,
This spiritually, this poetic art.
Fanatics are beloveds and lovers,
In the secular empire of spiritual love,
Unblemished soul of garden of flowers,
Thy zeal like skylark and dove.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Mirror

Mirror, mirror oh Queen of Night,
Gleam of Soul or shimmering light.
This is the beloved's Rome of heart,
Oh! blessed kingdoms, one martyr has bought.
In lieu of blood and martyrdom,
Love's mourners, this hanging mirror,
This is my duke my own dukedom,
Worship saints, worship lovers.
Moon of Arabia 'oh' my vale's song,
You are a portrait of universal patriot,
Thy, glimpse of beauty, I ever long,
For every state of soul passionate.
Glory of dew and the morning sun,
Oh! Princess of the palace of Kaikawoose,
Martyred mirror of high devotion,
Breaking sunshine or pearls loose.
Mirror, mirror 'oh' night sufferer,
Dear Shyness of saint Sylvester.
This agony of your beloved love,
Sacred to your sacrifice, skylark and dove.
Where is our kingdom of dove?
Our realm of joy our relic of love.
Rays of sun kiss beaches of Dover
Mirror, mirror or sailors twilight,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Joy ship wrecked, this gloomy night.
Oh! Sheeny space of smiling mirror
Naked beauty and glory of rays
Festival of days, festival of nights
Mirror, mirror oh smile of saint
Mirror, mirror oh legacy of martyrs
Breaks in exuberance without a complaint
Sonnets of love sights and tears
Priestess of beauty in a temple of love,
Burning of candles only souls allow.
Glass of wine and mirror of Jamsheed,
Glimpse of Persia or his universe,
Smiled his world in one pearl and bead,
Mirror, mirror 'oh' Queen's verse.
Breaks mirror by a final call,
Pieces of glass or blood rimmed soul,
Shadows of death and tales of Hannibal,
God's roll call like church bell knoll.
This sunshine or a glorious mirror,
Dear moonshine, dear suffers.
Mirror, mirror, beloved or lovers,
Grace of summits of shy summitry,
Glorious sun or glory of martyr,
This beauty vanishes very hastily.
Mirror martyr our speechless love,
Scent of breeze new morning now.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Beloved Transoxia

Love and soul, candles of Rome,
Flame of tapers or my devotional song,
This is my palace of golden dome,
Oh! Sonnets of heart, short and long.
Those martyrs of love belong to whom,
Angels come angels go,
Travels 'thy' light fast and slow,
Beloved soul, my loves epitome.
To heaven they go steady and slow,
Nativity or my nations love,
Soul compeers are my skylark or dove.
Oh! comrades of my blissful Joy,
Build new Rome, build new Troy.
My Indus base, and Himalayan home,
I burn candles o0n the banks of rivers,
What for ancient Greece or Rome?
Long live my country of saints and martyrs.
My Transoxia scent of love,
This graceful architecture of Samarkand, and Bukhara,
Teremez is my saints home.
Take this message 'oh' skylark and dove,
To the assembly of angels under golden dome.
Sovereignty of my globe's savana.
Gardens of love, my flora and fauna,
Stay my soul with the flocks of shepherds,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

This my born country of rivers.
Sweetness of springs and skylarks grace,
Beloved tears my floating- base.
Love or bleeding rose of soul,
My temples of Joy where in the bells knoll.
Arrival of hours, heaven is the host ,
Lovers drink this glorious toast.
Fragrance, manna or tabernacle of Sinai,
Prayers to lord or city of Elia,
Those carvans of love, patience and bravery,
Deserts there or flowers glory.
Twilight, evening or candles for martyrs,
Heralds hope our morning new,
Crown of beloveds or kingdom of lovers,
Glory of light knows only few.
A lot of hymns for my beloved land,
This love of heart, my soul's anthem,
Songs selective my country's image,
Patriots of patriotism of faithful band,
Ancient love, ancient for them.
Tell this tale my caveman and sage,
Sacred to memory these sparks to the mirror,
Field of glory, candles light,
This martyr, worshipper or this gloomy lover,
Mirror, mirror of queen night.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Soul and Love

Stained souls of sinner lovers,
Sagacious saints or woods loving sages,
This martyr also possessed love,
Wept monasteries or faith's tears,
Soul defies death and cages.
True lovers or virtue's flame,
Benediction of my beloved saints,
Noble death ever brings fame,
This martyr candle and dust to complaints.
Gentle love or gentle souls,
Rings of gold or poetry pages.
Oh! Nightingales now listen to bell knolls,
Pray to its loveliness my secluded sages,
Not treasures, crowns or kingdom,
Accompanies love to beloved's grave,
Here it come but only one comes,
Love's soul if given to a slave.
This mercilessness or bloodbath,
Heavens hate sword or genocide,
Angels or the glorious sunbath,
Glorious sun or our national pride.
Teach me love 'thy' martyrdom,
In the service of beauty of humanity,
This is last testament and wisdom,
World of love is a world of glory.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Death or noble glimpse of beloved,
Fantasies of my skylarks.
Soul or 'thy' pilgrimage crowd,
Obituaries written on birch barks.
Long live shepherd, artisan and poet,
Glory of sward or artistic twilight.
This is an everlasting empire,
There is no Rome, there is no Greece,
Kingdom of love, kingdom dear,
Where kind authority and power near cease.
Love and soul, candles of Rome,
This is my palace of golden dome.
Oh! seizes my heart those beloved soul looks,
Those martyrs of love belong to whom'
Beloved soul my love's epitome.
I am a wanderer like a wandering bard,
Nativity or my nations love,
Traitors are not skylark and dove.
Wander about those restless brooks,
Blessed nation, our blessing god.
Time gallops like an Arabian horse,
My soul's love or portrait of beloved,
It crosses sand dunes or streams of bars,
This pilgrimage or angels crowd.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Attributed to Poet Abdul Ahad Zargar

Rising dust from battle fields,
Volition higher and armour shields,
This poet unknown of melodious songs,
Martyrs speak or Gautam speaks,
Hades of my doves and skylarks.
This poet soul of my love gone,
In the assembly of the birds of paradise,
He gelds his sonnets for heavenly flight,
Comes spirituality, when a beloved dies.
His songs or his saintliness,
Inner bliss or his orbs light.
Poet of our morning and dawn,
He borrowed not glory or poetic light.
Bestowed upon the fugitives of vale,
This highwayman of God's love,
Every soul of my dill and dale,
Sing honorarium with skylark and dove.
Music was his language of soul,
Meditation for a song or carol.
Beauty of my patriot's mirror,
Was he a saint in trance or a martyr?
Shrine glorious on his majestic tomb
By candle lights or snow drops,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

This beautiful star of terrestrial mob,
Song of our celestial blood drops.
I remember him, when a dewy dawn walks,
Upon the majestic pathways of love,
Cool streams on hillside rocks,
Poet remembered, by every Skylark and dove.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Attributed to Poet Rahman Dar

Kashmir was his Elysian song,
Love and Eden of his beloved waterfalls,
He was a traveller on Journey long,
Pilgrim of his pilgrimage thoughts,
Music of his ambrosial love,
Bewitched that Skylark and dove.
Glad hearts in glades of Lar,
Sweet meadows or love afar.
Interpreter of our musical notes,
Soul spiritual of our song,
Oh! poet saint of our swards,
Of muse nightingale our love states,
Love soul of martyrs 'thy' beloved phantasm,
This obituary of our love,
Solemn sitting of skylark and dove.
Passion for sacrifice and pilgrimage,
Homeward skylarks sing in glory,
Psalms of our departed sage.
Poets or our sung martyrs,
This unsung vale of my ornate desires.
Are you drowned in a glory of music?
Death or sleep of my dill and dale ?
Love's empire, dedicated basis,
Oh! Dead is the poet saint of my vale.

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Rises from grave my embalmed love,
Yet to sing or narrate our tale,
An angel praises, a widow praises
In the piece of marble, written our love,
Music or the wet honoured tears,
Oh! Love Skyward, Skylark and dove,
Of morning Song of fresh lovers.
Designate envoys skylark and dove,
This is your grave in the bosom of our vale.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Beauty

Calls me beauty to shrine of flowers,
Calls me beauty to beautitude,
To the caves of shepherd or to the monasteries,
Glory, glory to jilted lovers,
There is solicitude in solitude.
Honey, honey 'oh' queen of bees,
Walks, thy, shade, walks the moon,
Starlit sky, slumbering swoon.
Calls me glory to martyrdom,
Nay for kingdom only for love, but only for Love
Devotional suffering or our sainthood,
Kindles souls a fresh and now.
Flame of revolution or tapers of light,
It is renaissance of modern age,
Beyond twilight is a glorious sight,
Shadow of God is a shadow of sage.
Calls me beauty to temple of love
Drink from well spring skylark and dove.
The sky celebrates, the earth venerates,
The stars emit harmonious light,
When Saints worship and poets write,
Glory, glory in the glorious night,
Awaits, awaits my soul awaits,
Return of urn of my love.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Calls me beauty to Greece and Rome
Oh! church of nativity or rock of dome,
Streams of harmony from Himalayan well spring,
Lovely morning and cuckoo sings,
Songs of love, songs of peace,
Arabian fragrance, untiring caravan
Bells of love, thy, Songs please
Calls me love to sacred dawn
Glorious sun shines on hills and mountains
Joyous gardens, joyous fountains
Liberated is liberal swan.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Martyr

Martyr, martyr oh love's martyr,
Weep daffodil and beloved sire,
You have not seen a full moon,
Glory, glory to you alone,
Flower in a sleep or in a swoon,
Should I wail or moon,
Martyr, martyr our solon,
On a ridge of glory sat Solomon,
Golden lute or diamond crown,
Travelled his soul to glorious heaven.
Song of skylark or martyr's smile,
Bring harmony and glory,
The river Indus or the river Nile,
On sacred waters lives lily,
Martyr, martyr of ancient fame,
Thy, martyrdom brings flame,
Burns 'thy' candle for eternal love,
Aryans wisdom or peace of dove.
Sacrifice for dignity and pride,
Martyr, martyr our invisible guide.
Blessed 'thus' 'thy' martyrdom,
Fly flags and bells ring,
Joy for humanity not for kingdom,
Now sing cuckoos, sing, sing.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Songs innumerable for simged souls,
Honours a lot, golden rolls,
Dome of rock or honour of roll,
There is no nation for native soul,
Wherefore, you partitioned our love's scroll,
Our martyr was killed with a sword,
Sorrel sky, scarlet shy,
For truth, dignity and sacred word,
Honoured death, when honourables die.
Majesty, majesty, oh, my maudlin,
Jerusalem of tears and tale of Palestine,
Martyrdom knows no nationhood,
For glory and grace it is sainthood,
Song addressed to lovers and martyrs,
Sweet harmonies of fragrant flowers,
Fair, fair 'oh' fairest soul,
Come blessing and the bells Knoll.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

First Snowfall

First snowfall of my valley,
Closed harmony or cold glory,
Roses, roses in December,
Stolen joy I remember,
Why are you in haste 'oh' snow god?
Carvans yet to return from woods,
Crumbled leaves are scattered in a sward,
Oh, knight in arms of night's kingdoms,
This is winter for snowfall,
Shiver in cold saint and shepherd,
Behind the doors sit all,
Garden desolate there is no bird,
Come snow 'oh' white snow,
God's, supple and soft marble,
In my soul no embers glow,
Clouds are hanging, clouds are sable,
Dark phanthoms haunt children,
Taper lights flicker and faint,
Sole individuality no brethren,
Closed are lips and no plaint,
There is bush fire by the hillside,
Wintry moon now to hide,
Itself behind brooding clouds,
A stray maiden, a shepherd shouts,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Waiting for her in a courtyard,
Sad is a poet, sad is bard,
The lions and bears run on snow,
Hunters pray, animals pray,
Smoulders fire, tempers low,
They are about to pounce on prey,
Cold love and frozen lakes,
Stony streams and soiled springs,
Gently fall snowflakes,
Cold embraces and warmth of love,
No skylark, no kings and queens,
Reigns dullness it reigns now,
Early snowfall touches my soul,
Blithe, blithe, I keep my brazier,
Whelkins, white, white soul,
Spring comes, spring comes,
Says one spiritual says one sentinel,
After winter, winter whole

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Candles in Desert

Candles, candles in the silence of desert
Thousand candles and a martyr's shirt,
Sandy, sandy on sands vast,
Expanding light slow and fast,
Burns love or burns desert,
Poet is anguished, his soul is hurt,
Mountain Sinai or mount Zion,
Scatters flames embers of love,
Secular light and an Arabian Bedouin,
Fly over Jerusalem skylark and dove,
Burns our taper in the oil of cedar,
Enlightens cities and camp dwellers,
Candles in desert and no war,
Light 'thy' burns in the souls of lovers,
Faint light of my candle's fame,
Melts joy in a mud vessel of Sidon,
Silvery flame or a silvery name,
Thousands sun and a shepherd alone,
Devotional moth and a candle of tears,
Little space in the globe of love,
Flight of skylark or flight of dove.
Candles, candles, carvans and candles,
Tears of love or sky-skyline,
Martyrs are the martyred moths,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Thy, humbleness of love ever sooths,
Soul of a saint that ever shines,
Sands, sands, smile and shine,
Let me hold one candle and urn,
Beneath the moon in a swooning desert,
And 'thee' soul shall ever burn,
In sacredness of 'thy' holy word,
Bring back from the kingdoms of bliss,
My beloved's mirror or martyr's shirt,
Await, await the shepherds await,
Near the oasis of Arabian desert,
Never candles a wait but candles miss,
From 'thy' lips thy sacred kisses,
But beauty dies in the glare of beautiful,
My sacrificial love is never late,
Burn the candles and deserts are full,
With Arab carvans, tribes and poets,
Oh! Eminent lovers never wait,
Beautiful souls never hate,
They are enamoured of sheeny sights,
Moving, moving heaven's lights.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Sympathy

Golden coins in the golden vessels,
Or light borrowed from heavens of Lord,
Oh! sympathy, oh! eyes of hazels,
Golden soul and beholds God,
Enters in soul all pervading love,
Golden bells ring now,
Times sacred devoted to sympathy,
It is glory, it is glory,
Song of a soul and ancient love,
Floats harmonies to the horizon of dove,
Sympathy graces sovereign cities,
Spiritual eye, that ever beholds,
Loveliness of talented fairies,
Seven pillars of seven worlds,
Pearls, pearls scattered in sands,
Twilight, skylark, beloved oasis,
Sympathy or faithful bands,
Monuments of love on golden bases,
Testament or a speech of Lord,
Oh! Sympathy, you are a verse of God.
Time was short for Greece and Troy,
Fame and glory for princess coy.
Sympathy on lips of prince,
It is a joy or mirror of Venice,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Cities of gold and milky streams,
Oh! Sympathy, saint's dreams.
Love's song for anguished souls,
Sympathy's bell knolls,
Coming joy for oppressed nation,
Earthly moon for stand and stations.
Sympathy a queen of the poor,
Fruits of Eden are not sour,
It lives in a soul of a flower,
Augustus hope for beloved and lover,
Shrines of saints, bridges of sympathy,
Love embalms sympathetic moon,
Golden tombs, words of glory,
Sympathy a sister of moon.
It makes walk thousands suns,
Sympathy a lass of nuns,
Glory of sympathy never sleep or swoon
Dear sympathy, oh, dear so soon.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Flame of Revolution

, Oh! Ancient flame of Olympia,
Roman ruins, oh, knowledge of Greece,
Flame that burns in the name of Elia,
Harmony 'oh' revolutionary bees,
Business, industry, carving out a map,
Oh! intelligence, flame my revolution,
Tapers of light in a beautiful shape,
Flame of revolution, martyrs of nation,
Oh! Ancient wisdom of solon of Greece
Adore my men adorn my territories,
Burns bushfire in smiling swards,
It is twilight to compose a thought,
Revolution of love for poets and bards.
Oh, fair flame, fairness a lot,
Flame of revolution, my beloved nation,
Oh! Ancient love of Aryan Civilisation,
Come Olympia to the mansion of my beloved,
If not in shape but by the songs of Diogenes,
Soul sweet, oh, soul loved,
Flow of streams never ceases.
I am a spirit of flame of revolution,
Soul of a song, soul of a saint,
Thy light flickers, beauty's creation,
Spreads glory, hastily but late,

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Come beautiful to my sainthood's temple,
Light one lamp on blessed stand,
Flame of revolution, majestic and simple,
Oh! Saintliness of my land,
Majesty, majesty of martyrs,
Native flame, native love,
Blessed dawn for blessed worshippers,
My country is free now.
New ideas new temples of learning,
Flame of revolution for beauty still burning,
Soul of my country is a soul of love,
Martyred skylark, martyred dove.
Thankful, thankful for golden vessels,
That my beloved brought from ur,
Fame of Mesopotamia for hidden pearls,
I am content with my love,
Nation's pride or humility of dove,
Flame of revolution or beauty of Ben-Hur.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Stone

What is stone? A soul of song,
Frozen but frigid of fervid love,
Silent speaker or a statue of dove,
To whom you stone anciently belong?
Stone of a masque, temple or church,
Possesses emerald in its heart,
Thy, abbots of love of sacred faiths,
Shine, glory and ancient grace,
Golden rays, gladly search,
For light of soul which angles have sought,
Where lies stone, there is a thought,
Stone, stone of mortal love,
Perches on it eagle or dove,
I kiss it here, I kiss it there,
Halls of fame are made of stone,
Beloved love frozen in a tear,
Or a soul of a saint stationed alone,
Oh! stones of Indus and ancient Rome,
Buried are kings and queens,
Decayed halls, tower and dome,
Still stone in a deep sleep,
Epitaphs or sandy scenes.
Oceans and seas are dark and deep,
Sailors and worshippers scarcely sleep,

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Rivers, streams , springs and lakes,
Sweet waters, dreams float,
Soul of a saint a wakes, awakes,
Still floats, life's boat,
There are pebbles on the shores,
There are stones and rocks in the brooks,
Ancient tales, legends and folklores,
Beauty of stone still allures,
Time ? Shape and inscriptions,
Ancient thought hidden in pearls,
Different theme, different description,
Sire of a stone is a black stone,
Majesty of love, majestic alone,
Polished pearl or a dome of rock,
Tower lights or compass or clock,
Sailors glimpse 'thy' Gibraltar rocks,
Faithful worship on the bed of stones,
Moans, moans, Satan moans.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Beauty of a Soul

When I hear a melodious song,
From distant woods of my elusive love,
It is a call or a passionate song,
Eeerie beloved to whom you belong,
Solomon's garden or Sheeba meadows,
Beautiful is thy sacred song,
Melodious song or rural widows,
Flower is a widow long oh long,
I burn my passions at an altar of love,
When maids sing Queen's song ,
Widows of the garden of nightingale,
Look at the clouds sailing a way,
Sepulchral of widows love,
Sages relate 'thy' monastic tale,
Flowers sway by melodious song,
Lives love and lives long,
When shepherds embrace hillside widows,
Alone nature and nature is endowed,
With warmth of passion of renewed love.
Holds Queen in her hands,
Mirror of Sheeba or portrait of love
Burn, burn Arabian sands,
Heat of skylark and passions of dove,
Decaying Roman domes or ruins,

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Leaning towers of monumental love,
Beauty is not a Greece or Nenevah,
It is jasmine or song of Elia,
Muddy vessels in places of sands,
Bedouin maids hold in their hands,
It is love which crosses continents,
Floats my soul or flies sky-lark ,
Beauty, beauty swords of beloveds,
Ocean of tears deep and dark,
Beauty unsheated, skylark or sword,
Cuts 'thy' pearl in a green woods sward,
Sacred bushfire or a song of lord,
Shy love is a pearl of fame,
Nomadic beauty or an ancient flame,
Rise, rise my Himalayan springs,
Sweet harmonies, thy, cuckoo sings,
Melodious songs of my maiden love,
My saint, my sainthood now.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Human Soul

Golden men with golden hearts,
Thy, serene colony of blood and flesh,
Shape of God in seeing glory,
Saints never hatch inglorious plots,
Runs blood in veins fresh,
Human heart posseses human soul,
Not a golden vase or silver ivory,
It is a light of latent love,
Sacred soul of my sacred nation,
Spirituality our anthem of dove,
Mirrors, mirrors our ancient civilization,
Portrait of skylark and dove,
There is no violence in smiling garden,
Warbles a nightingale besides a rose,
Human soul keeps a saint and not a warden,
Martyred soul and a sacred prose,
Human soul of human love,
Testify skylark and a dove ,
There is no violence in human soul,
A light glimmering and glimpsing God,
Sight sheeny and serene whole,
Human soul prayer for lord,
There is a joy in humane soul,
When I glimpse yonder stars,

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Walk, walk, I walk alone,
On my land's riverbanks,
Our human souls hate wars,
Adorn beauties of beloveds' whole,
Our country's soul breaths in streams,
Its shade falls an ancient rocks,
Glissades love under sunny beams,
Flowers repositories of spring songs,
The moon the stars or my nation's soul,
It is beauty, beauty and beauty whole,
Light glamoured in God's glory,
Walks through terrestrial stations,
Thy, celestial souls speaks saintly,
Love pervading through races and nation,
My sacred soul a shine of spirituality,
Teach me lord 'thy' beauty,
Of selfless service and beautitude,
My soul like an emerald in solitude.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Nature

I love flowers, I love streams,
I value the business of honey bees,
Hidden love and soul unseen,
Nature, nature, splendour and sheen,
I love mountains, hills and vales,
And sing at liberty in dills and dales,
Honeyed love of honeyed bees,
Golden springs of golden countries,
Savants of nature never tease,
Beloved souls of majestic love,
Shrine of followers, tapestry of streams,
Conclave between skylark and dove,
Flow of free speech never ceases,
Please 'thy' nature and nature pleases,
Golden hearts of nightingale and poet,
Song sweet, glorious sight.
There is a freedom in love and nature,
Statesmanship high, stately stature,
I love melodious songs of shepherds,
Thy1 liberty of the flowers of swards,
Nature gives us fruits of love,
Hanging beauty then and now ,
Hail, hail my liberty now hail,
Freedom of clouds as eyes behold,

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Harken ;thy' songs of nightingale,
It is valued in the realms of gold,
Flowers give us fragrance and love,
Brooks and streams, renascent now,
New renaissance new ethereal joy,
For my children of Aryan race,
Shy beauty, a flower coy,
I hear a call,
but there is no haste,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Brook

Runs stately majestic brook,
Rebel brother of towering mountains,
I call you still cousin of hills,
Billowing, browsing, bumbling brook,
Beauty in beauty out,
Its waters call and shout,
Beloveds come beloveds go,
Time runs fast, time is not slow,
Beneath the stars runs it fast,
It has no creed, colour or cast,
Hidden soul its shimmering source,
Above the brook sing cuckoos and sky-lark,
Oh! Watering point is poesy's resource,
Songs, songs, melodious songs,
Wait for me mermaids and seraphs,
I sweep the pebbles and strike against rocks,
As I sit near the brook,
I see eagles perching on rocks,
Enchanted by the blithe brook,
It outpaces volcano and hawks,
So speaks the child of hills,
I carry a message to river and lakes,
My mountains of joy is this beatitude,
A faithful traveller of dales and dills,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Beautiful mission, my poetic solitude,
Nuns are my sacred flowers,
My priests are glowing glow-worms,
Showers, Showers, summer showers,
I faintly kiss uncovered bosoms,
I give music to the lute of shepherd,
I am a lyric of soul-wayward,
I am a voice of voiceless mute,
Oh! Mankind I never litter or pollute,
Stand augustus temples and
On either side of my shores,
Beauty, beauty; beauty never asks,
Authenticity of my folklores,
I am awake when cities sleep,
When they wake up, what to me,
I never sleep, my mission is deep,
It should be, it should be.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Solitude

Roses love company but in solitude,
Solitary soul is a beautitude,
Who are they, whom am I?
Asks me saint in solitude,
We are the lovers of solitude,
Poets born of nature's gratitude,
Mistress of woods, beautiful and shy,
Angles, angles, angelic tribute,
From the poets for blissful solitude,
Solitude, oh! solitude,
Realms of gold solitude,
Shadow of God or shades of pearls,
Only streams speak in solitude,
Enchanting soul amorously learns,
Poetry's art in solitude,
Grace and glory or lovers fortitude,
Beauty naked, beauty nude.
Solitude is a soul of love,
Solitude an epitaph of stone,
An obituary for a martyr sky-lark,
Sings cuckoo in blue solitude ,
Soars high up in the sky,
Glory, glory of solitude,
Loneliness a station of dove,

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Saintliness of solitude,
Realm of beauty and beauty alone,
Spontaneity of verses, as angels mark,
Alone, alone, God alone,
From times memorial, love shines in a soul,
Solitude is a religion whole,
Come beauty take me to solitude,
Cool shelter and lovely attitude,
Nightingale's friend, solitude
Whistle mountains in solitude
Oh! blithe brook run in solitude
Brother compeer of beautitude

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Morning Song

Morning song or morning dew,
Dawn of glory or blessed showers,
It is a golden day for a few,
Beloveds, saints and lovers,
Morning song brings new Greece,
It gives grace to kingdom of Troy.
Joy to my Indus race,
Golden is my ganjetic base.
Honey, honey of Persian bees,
Oh1 golden rays and morning songs,
Shepherd or blushing coy,
Spreads glory, flow streams,
Cuckoos sing in a Garden of Eden,
Lonely poet in the woods claims,
Ownership of the beauty of song,
Blushing moon or sunny beams,
Their royalty is morning song.
Babylon, Nenevah or urr,
Columns of Greece or ruins of Rome,
Civilization of valour and glory,
All collected in different urns,
Dew and tears of morning song,
Festival of angels or light of Ben-Hurr,
Inside us one candle burns,

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Soul is our source of song,
Beauty of bride or serenity of synagogue,
Beauty, beauty, ethical beauty,
Beholds Christ in nativity,
Morning song, morning song,
Call from minaret, song of Islam,
God's love in morning song,
Sparkles pearl in the bossom of lotus,
Vanishes away kingdom of Brutus,
Angels anthem is morning song
My national song my native song.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Death of a Rose

Bloody Mary, bleeding rose,
Thousands you kill, thousands you carouse,
Pride inspiration of poetic soul,
Revolutionary ideas and thematic prose.
Death of a rose, death of a rose,
Sings priest religious Carole,
Stand heroes when bells knoll,
Who plucked my lovely rose,
Nobody knows not even church knows.
Drop of blood is scarlet and sorrel,
Death of a rose without funeral,
Ethereal rose, death eternal,
Mourn his death, sheriff and major,
Beloved whispers with his lover.
Unethical, rose's assassination,
Oh! Martyr rose of my nation.
Death of a rose, death of love,
Gloomy are skylark and dove.
Martyrdom and supreme sacrifice,
Thousand tears, thousand sighs,
Who assassinated my beloved rose?
Source of songs, source of dirges,
This gardener knows, this prince knows,
For common good ever soul searches,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Last testament written on birches,
Teach me 'oh' rose with authority of love,
Laws of wisdom, laws of patience,
Death of a rose, death of a dove.
Rebirth of renaissance and cultured creation,
Mourn its death poet and skylark,
Inspiration, foot print and mark.
Rose, rose my beloved rose,
My spring goes, my saint goes.
Rebirth of reason, death in now
Tested gold or fire of Love
Rose, rose my martyr rose.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Spiritual Skylark

Minstrel of maiden stars,
Oh! Maudlin of drunk queens,
Songster of the skies saints,
My fainting envoy of kingdom of grace,
Atop mountains, atop rocks,
Theme of love then soars high,
It was a time of glorious moon,
Soul of beauty vanished soon,
Murder of glory, murder of grace,
Unknown martyr of unknown kingdom,
Spiritual skylark attained martyrdom.
Fatal injury of its soul,
Death, thy, inspired the common wealth,
Skylark of king, skylark of queens,
Skylark of saints, skylark of shepherd,
Worship beauty, worship it clean,
Love 'thy' song, love not sword.
Injured sky-lark, time not waste,
Martyrs in heaven, for you wait.
They struck you with golden arrow,
It was a time of glorious moon,
Oh! Cruel fate, fatigue or fait,
When sky-lark flew below,
Flight of glory ended soon,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

On a standing rock, I lonely sat,
My skylark of liberty and taste,
Herald of sovereignty in blue sky,
I gaze at stars and milky ways,
Oh! Civilization of God's constellation,
Skylark your labours not waste,
Distant stars twinkle and shy,
In the shrine of flowers one poet's prayer,
Blessings of skylark for faithful nation.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Kashmiriyat

Oh! Love of Sheeba and beloved of Babylon,
Kashmir of my Indus times,
Here Solomon meditates in the woods alone,
Its temperament is a spiritual religion,
Birds mention, bards mention,
Song of kings, queen and heavens.
Kashmir is a light of secular love,
Shivaism or Sufi cult,
Nativity's soul oriental.
A vast temple of ancient ruins,
Resting place of skylark and dove,
Oh! my song of Rishiism,
Beloved mirror of secularism.
Come glory from Arabian sand dunes.
Once an abode of Sephardic Jews,
Here judges came and Daniels came,
Book of verses that ever lives,
Mountains same, Chinars same .
Oh! Love of saints, love of shepherds,
Time glory of river of Kashmir,
Sermons sacred from the souls of saviours,
Masque of glory or king shahmir,
Legends call you Satisar,
Hills dear, springs dear,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Rounded glory of beloved and lover.
Crown glory, beloved soul to wear.
Kashmiriyat is a race of love,
It is a culture of skylark and dove,
Falcons live at the tops of mountains,
Hawks see new morning now,
Its sweet gardens and fondling fountains,
Spread harmony and secular temperate,
Ancient land or fairies song,
Oh! Ancient joy of skylark and saint.
Races dispersed, still it to belong.
A school of thought of kalidas and NagArjun,
Ancient scholars melting pot,
Descends benedictions from heavens a lot.
Glades of Heewahn and battles won,
This waterloo of conqueror Hun,
Oh! Kashmir, oh! light of Hamadan,
Pledge adorned for renascent beauty,
This beautitude's spiritual dawn,
Our martyred soul, our martyred glory,
Love once entered never departs hastily.
Oh! Kashmir now teach us love,
Fair looks nay art of diplomacy,
We are the children of skylark and dove,
Recall 'oh' heavens our exiled glory.
Kashmiriyat our martyr and saint,
Here joy and dawn never break out late.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Scintilla of Soul

Lord of heavens, stars and globe.
Overhung glory or sheeba's ear lobe.
Homes in joy to home alone,
Ruins of thought or Babylon.
This expression on a birch bark page,
Woodland or my saviour or sage,
Oh! My learned soul of love,
At golden gate, how long shall I wait,
Sit on a rock, skylark and dove,
This sainthood of my soul's saint.
Glory of beloveds or glory of mirrors,
This gleam of light in the eyes of martyrs.
Blessed are the nation's heroes,
This independence of lark and freedom of love,
This song of love to my country fellows,
Fountains of focillation for my nation now.
Ark of Noah and rebellion deluge,
Safe monasteries or land mass huge.
Oh! my love's worshippers vale
Sacred souls of sacred dale.
Obedient followers in their armoury hath.
Rosaries of roses of their love's saint hath
Lord of birds and animal kingdom,
I seek no Zeus or her mythical dukedom,

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

I cultivate joy in my prayers,
Glints love in morning showers.
There are no Rome or Greece in our souls,
We are slaves of your grace,
Beckon love, anthems and carols,
Too little away from martyr's place.
This is my heart's Solomon's love,
My Sheeba is my country's vale,
Dear flags or skylark or dove,
True love never goes on sale.
I am a traveller of my own pilgrimage,
Mirrors broken on my floral paths,
Love's lovers in her hermitage,
Beloved pilgrims, souls and shrines.
Burns this flame in the glory of faith,
Motherhood of my motherland,
There is no blood bath but sweetness of songs,
Oh! Scintilla of love, one, star, oh, shines,
Souls shimmering, silently radiate,
Truth and goodness hand by hand,
There is no love, without lotus and dew,
These blood drops of my blood and soul,
Value the songs only confirmed few,
This is the summary of poet whole.

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Joy

There is a joy in a soul of a saint,
There is joy in beloved's tears,
No plaints on her sweet lips,
Sheeny stars shine in her eyes,
Joy of Skylarks spreads late'
When an evening comes to forbidden lovers,
There is a joy in the death of a martyr,
Martyrdom of country's lovers,
This is a love of sacred fire,
Festival of my soul dear.
Dear flags, dear chapters,
Martyrs live in our constitution,
Countryman who faced travails,
Dear independence after tribulation,
There is Joy in her walk,
A robber steals her dear heart,
A prince of love, sitting on a rock,
Freedom of skylark and dove we got.
Seven sweet beloveds of heroes,
There is a Joy in their songs,
Love fragrant in a rose,
My independence to my love belongs.
Several springs of sweet love,
Gush out grace and glory now,

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In seventy streams in seventy poems,
Independence of sacred times.
Stands Rome on the grace of my martyrs,
Oh! Grecian civilization of my lovers,
Love is a joy 'oh' my beloved coy,
Battle hard, Sparta or Troy.
There is Joy in the stars of heavens,
Stardom of long patience.
Loveliness of the winter moon,
Calm sky and prince shy,
Oh! Joy of spring will come soon,
Martyrs of love never die.
Seventy kisses and seventy stones,
Mausoleums, shrines or temples,
This is my mosque where worshippers worship,
Incense, tapers and candles.
Love never lives in skulls and bones.
This spirit or gay liquid,
Gives seven skies to eagles,
Once a poet sufferer lived,
In a city of sorrows and sins.
Songs of dear sailors of ships,
Bring Joy to distant shores,
Learned priest and church bell knolls,
Coming of times of Joy emerald,
This independence is gift of my Lord.

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Prince

Hidden emerald or scarlet rose,
Ministers at a festival of love,
Golden sonnets or poetic prose,
Lovers love skylark and dove.
Martyrs or beloveds tale,
Music of heavens now hear eagles,
My tears or my urn of vale,
Death of a soul one angel mournes.
Pride authority of my prince,
Gelded are the court languages,
This is not beauty of the pearl of Venice,
Love my soul, 'oh' sermons of saints.
Need not flowers unnatural fragrance,
Promised sweetness of promised soul,
This is God's gifted loveliness,
I sing my patriotic song whole.
Perfection and glory of a mirror,
My country side or hermitage of saints,
Beloved stars with vision clear,
Blue sky dream or stupor of martyrs.
Wears my prince silken robes,
High turban, sword or rubies,
One poet sobs, one saint sobs,
Lovers pluck off my flower's elegies.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Palaces, mirrors and horses,
Sentries guard golden gates.
Saints wail in sylvan shrines,
This landscape of my vale,
This wound in a rose, one nightingale nurses.
Weeping poets of my dill and dale.
Return to woods poets and sages,
Oh! Cold tears shed the angels.
Heavens, heavens this revolution late,
Prince among martyrs wait.
For my country's true democracy,
Glory, glory of meritocracy.
Silent revolution of high ideas,
With speaking souls not with swords,
This profanity of shrines 'alas'!
Poetry of love or singing birds.
My prince of land is child innocence,
Tower lights or Himalayan woods,
Ancient civilization or souls incense,
Patriot of masques and temples.
He will be like King Cyrus,
He will give us a moral code,
Not Jewellery of Venice or Tyrus,
He will be our hearts vote.
When high citadels learning will stand,
In the glory of my land.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Ode to Rasool Mir

Poet wanderer of wandering love,
Of floating passions and fervid beloveds,
Oh! poetic soul of a gay flower,
Seer in solitude or saint lover.
Angels of my vale or white clouds,
Rain showers, skylark or dove,
Martyrs love are our souls thought,
Skylights for ideas high,
Oh! Glory of beloved's heart,
Candles burn, candles die.
Oh! Solemn poet of our dills and dales,
You gave language to kind flowers,
Our poet of streams, brooks and vales,
Oh! Mausoleum of martyrs and pilgrims pilgrimage,
There is a Mirror, there is an image.
Seven sisters or seven shy pearls,
You wrote sermons in sacred stones,
Sainthood love, that annoyed earls,
Kings or Queens dust or bones.
Lives long, lives love folklores.
Thy, light suffered in burning tapers,
Soul honoured by only fairies,
Imitate you the monastic lovers,
Liquid love never tarries.

Kashmir Treasure Collection.Digitization by eGangotri

Oh! Saint sufferer of despotic age,
Light of a shrines 'oh' versified sage,
Thunder, storm or despots rage,
Encountered you the greedy savages;
They feared your pen, look and verses,
Love's tears or songs of glades,
Beloved wounds, beloved nurses
Despite sorrows one star ever shines.
Afghans or the hillside tyrants.
Your songs inspired our zealous knights.
This is the joy of revolutionary song,
Revolts soul for nomadic love,
Oh! Star and song shine along,
Beneath are paths of skylark and dove,
Oh! Literate love, a literature whole,
She was the guest of your tender soul.
She walked in the woods and or stream banks,
One song, one skylark one fervid dove,
Fugitive poet of court of love.
Singing love's banned carols,
That was a love returned with thanks,
A soul asundered, no golden payrolls.
Oh! Saint of our thousand moons,
One, sun smiles on sand dunes.
Oh! Poet of vale of thousands mirrors,
Our light of palaces, oh, beloved inspiration,
Vacant soul's infinite prayers,
Blooms one flower without hesitation.
Oh! Forgotten poet of our vale,
Rest in peace in forgotten mausoleum,

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Our unsung poet of skylark and dove,
This hall of eternity never closes.
This freedom is the freedom of a song,
Sulken travellers and journey long,
Thousand sailors, thousand navigators.
Sole independence of love's senators.
Oh! poet of grasslands 'oh' poet of hill,
Your memory is our mountain of Joy,
Oh! Epistle of love of our vales,
You are a monarch of our dales and dills.
Still maid of Elia and ancient Troy
Get rebirth and search you in Joy.
Shines our shrine, when one soul bewails,
This spirituality ever prevails.
Suffer lovers by your songs,
From fever of love and silence of night,
This brightness or saintliness belongs,
To thee, glory of sacred light.
Come again to our mausoleums and shrines,
To honour our beloveds death,
Martyrs, seers or heavenly candles,
This Kashmir's soul blest.
Oh! Emperor of our lovers sonnets,
This sufferance but eternal lovers,
Tale of a beloved, twilight or tower lights,
Poet who wept in rain showers.
Vacant songs of our dill and dale
Our beloved poet, our beloved vale,
No sweetness, no bee's team
There is no glory, glint or gleam,

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Thousand lights, thousand martyrs,
Tears or sighs or bleeding saints,
Rises from grave 'oh 'poet of lovers,
Speechless flowers without complaints.
Return the song to desolate gardens,
Give one spring to our Sullen Swards,
Still an angel and beloved harkens.
Sweet voices of your sweet songs.
Where are titles, where are awards?
Is it a funeral or festival of Troy?
Brooding clouds, weeping swards.
Desolate souls, depressed lives,
Ours Grecian temporary joy,
Sacred bells of our beauty's church,
These are not our golden times.
Our hidden souls still navigate and search,
For faithful love for country side beloved,
Now light one taper in dust and storms,
Let Romans flourish in songs pride?
One funeral of a martyr without a crowd.
Oh! romantic poet of beautiful farms,
Of wild flowers of space wide,
Our martyrs of freedom of love,
Times red roses 'oh' times white roses,

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In the Memory of Abdul Samad Mir

Levant of love, with Meditarrean soul,
In his songs he was the Arabian whole.
Sweetness of air and whiteness of clouds,
This universe my soul ever loves.
I read his poems in church backyard,
I read his poems in the princesses courtyard.
Palace of my different lights,
Burn in me these love laced candles.
Sacrifice or this human poet,
Martyrs of my monastic language,
Born in bliss this uncommon light,
Romans call him resplendent sage.
Native villages native seers,
Satisar or our noble shahmir,
Oh! Defender of soul's sonnets,
Lives our poet in our kingdom,
Rise from grave 'oh' Syracuse,
For deliverance from ancient Rome,
This bloodshed, ruins and dust,
Whose is now, left for us to amuse.
Rising revolution or rising dome,
Martyrdom our eternal dues.

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Harbour our souls no greed or lust,
There is no violence in our harbour blue,
Now return to our garden, 'oh' departed soul,
For a short session of a summary of love,
Lift or kiss me to the church carol,
I fall and bleed like skylark and dove.

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Crescent Soul

Home in tragedies and untold sorrows,
Infidel Frailities of glorious love,
I bare my chest to incoming arrows,
This is not time to weep now.
I live in wilderness of wild flowers,
No fragrance, no frame, no frontier space,
No call of lovers no call of martyrs,
This broken mirror, this flower vase.
Where to meet after death?
Tears of my Greece, tears of my Rome,
Pale flowers and funerals speak,
Gloomy now looks my chandeliered dome,
Star gone, still I seek,
Thy murmuring soul, once I loved
Beyond this universe still we behold,
One station for undisturbed meet,
You to be retold or me to be retold,
When our souls leave this seat.
This inglorious world of times,
Disdained by prophets, saint and poets
Much ignominy and Levant of crimes
Oh! Where is my crescent soul,
This love that world whole.

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Flamingo

Fly, fly 'oh' dearest flamingo
Across the oceans, island and seas
This blessed freedom, only sailors know
From the shores only passer by see
Vast your clime, you sing your carol
This unbounded territory of azure sky
You are a church of my soul
This resolution of do or die
Beaches or rocks or tower lights
Your flights over islands of joy
Sing the sailors on the decks of ships
Your anthem or song of a Troy
Oh! Feathered priest of my love
Your seminary shines in the sky
Oh! Gentle cousin of sky lark and dove
Teach us though art of strength now
There is a power in your flight
There is sovereignty in your resolution
You conquer cities without any fight
Independence of your dedication
Obey, Obey, your own laws
Flamingo or nature's envoy
This spirit or that cause
Give me sweetness of your joy.

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Love, thy Poet
Abdul Wahab

Lives he in the valley's soul,
Martyr of our love's carol.
Verdant flowers in vagrant rain-drops,
Poets are born in the rosy petals.
Love generations this savant of woods,
He is alive in the poet's kingdom,
Green forests or running brooks
This pearl of poets shines in diadoms.
Love 'thy' poet of psalms glory,
Venerates him the soul of valley.
Elixir or songs of skylark,
Living peace or nector of dove,
Travelling clouds white or dark,
Festival of lights, oh, festivities now.
Animated 'oh' by his songs,
Syngogues of my skylarks.
He taught proudly our secular beloved,
This loving race of Adam and Eve,
In his native language of soul,
Glimpses Islam in his carol.
In his grave, Love dwells in temple and mosque,
This spirit imbibes only few.

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To skylark I often ask,
Where are the graves of poets loved?
This martyred poet of azure love,
Rise and wake our dreams now.

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